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Withdraw from Russia!

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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ON MARCH 15, 1917 the news of the abdication of the Czar was flashed round the world. Democratic nations rejoiced; and America, itself founded on a revolution, sent its sympathy and greeting to the people of Russia who had burst through the chains of centuries of black oppression. Less than a month later we ourselves entered the war against Germany. We had suffered very little either in property loss or in human life; indeed our neutrality had brought us prosperity. Russia, on the contrary, had suffered all things: betrayal at the front, unprecedented slaughter of her soldiers, disorganization, unemployment, famine, disease. Her army was going to pieces. It was not the time for the Allied nations to urge her to continue the war against Germany—a war which, Bolsheviks or no Bolsheviks, Constituent Assembly or no Constituent Assembly, counter-revolution or no counter-revolution, it was physically impossible for her to undertake. Yet the Allied nations did urge her, and as a result of their urging the disastrous advance into Galicia was begun. It ended in perhaps the greatest retreat in history. And now, strange voices began to be heard in Russia, voices which asked President Wilson precisely what he meant by his phrase a world "safe for democracy," voices which challenged the aims of the Allies. Russia, these voices said, wanted a peace with "no annexations, no indemnities, and the right of all peoples to determine their own destiny." It was a magic phrase. The Allied nations could ignore it no longer.

We cannot give in detail the tragic history of the summer and autumn of 1917. But the main outlines of that history, as far as Russia is concerned, are clear. Not once, but again and again, did the Kerensky government appeal to the Allied nations for a revision of war aims. Not once, but again and again, were the Russian people promised that revision. Yet the revision was never made. The secret treaties (known about all over Russia) were never repudiated. And inevitably the Bolsheviks came into power, as much from the blundering of the Allied nations and from their unwillingness to subscribe to the tenets of real democratic peace as from any other reason. What the previous govern-

ments had promised to the Russian people and never had secured the Bolsheviks did secure. The previous governments had promised publication of the secret treaties, division of the land—and peace. They fulfilled none of their promises. But almost the first act of the new Bolshevik Government was the publication of the secret treaties. The decree on land,—dividing the estates according to promise—which we publish on another page (see Foreign Comment), was the first official act of the new government, and together with the decree on peace made great political capital for the Bolshevik Party. Although Lenin apologized at the time for the haste with which the decree on land was brought out, its main provisions were later adopted by the All Russian Congress of the Soviets. Peace with Germany was also procured, first by an armistice and finally by the ratification of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk on March 16, 1918—ironically enough within one day of one year after the beginning of the Revolution itself.

Following the Bolshevik success, what the whole course of events and policy has shown is that for the first time in the history of the modern world we are confronted with an economic revolution instead of a merely political revolution. The Soviet Government might have been captured by any one of the many political parties of Russia, the Mensheviks, the Right Social Revolutionary Party, even the Left Communist Party (which accuse both Lenin and Trotsky of being "reactionaries"!), and so on. It was as a matter of fact carried by the Bolshevik Party, which, in spite of reports to the contrary, gained in strength as time went on and today, after over a year of its rule, has behind it the majority support of the Russian people and can actually hope in the coming spring to have a Red Army of perhaps three million soldiers ready to lay down their lives in its defense. Why? What is the vital principle of the Bolsheviks that keeps them so long in power? From what background do they spring? What do they want?

Although these questions deserve detailed answers, we wish to state, for the sake of clearness, our belief concerning the chief points. Russians regard

us, as well as many others in Western nations, as political infants. They are not content with what we glibly call democracy. Their hopes and aspirations are centered on a greater experiment than merely representative government. They are intensely communistic, more so than the people of any other country. They want actually to abolish the whole institution of private property. They want to create a government which is entirely a people's government, a government of the workers and the poor peasants. They will, if they can, abolish the capitalist class. Contrary to report, they bear no ill will against the intellectuals as a class, although they recognize the basic truth of the psychology of the intellectual class; that is, they regard the intellectuals as parasites on the so-called capitalist class. Yet they hold the professions and the arts in high honor. Their program for universal education is extensive, and is not confined to merely vocational training. The Soviet Government has encouraged individual artists, subsidized theaters and the ballet and the opera. It has reprinted the great classics of literature in inexpensive form for everybody. It recognizes the need for technical experts and for discipline of all kinds. Fundamentally, however, it is interested in maintaining a workers' government, supported, as Lenin so eloquently phrased it in a speech before the Moscow Soviet, by "the regular march of the iron battalions of the proletariat."

One point more, perhaps, needs emphasis. The universality of the stories in the daily press about the "Red Terror" and the mass murder of the bourgeois class demands corrective. In the first place, there was no "Red Terror" before the invasion of Russia by Allied troops. In the second place, the executions are not irresponsible murders, but deliberate measures of self-defense, such as any government in similar circumstances, threatened both by internal and external enemies, invariably adopts. In the third place, the number of them has been grossly exaggerated. In the fourth place, they do not begin to equal the indiscriminate slaughter of Soviet officials practiced by the invading troops (principally the Czecho-Slovaks) whenever they are successful in overthrowing a local Soviet. In the fifth place, plots against the Central Soviet Government have been persistent and unscrupulous, both on the part of the disgruntled Russians who have been expropriated or who have a political axe to grind and on the part of foreign governments, desirous of the overthrow of the present regime. In a word, the Soviet Government has adopted the conventionally harsh method of suppressing the attempts to instigate civil war in Russia. Had the

Allied Governments recognized the Soviet Government instead of attacking it, and had they given it the cooperation and assistance which it asked, it is safe to assume that fully nine-tenths of the present "Red Terror" would not have occurred. Recently, moreover, thanks to Allied intervention, the Bolsheviks have become so strong in their internal grip on the situation that they are now in a sufficiently secure position not to need to employ the harsher measures of the "Red Terror." The brain worker and the petit bourgeois are no longer to be oppressed, but propitiated. The further the armies of the Allied Governments march into Russia the stronger becomes the movement towards reconciliation within the country. It is an ancient phenomenon. Before the foreign enemy domestic differences vanish—all become Russians. Well could Trotzky state that he could have afforded to pay one hundred thousand roubles for every Japanese soldier landed on Russian soil. The blundering policy of the Allied Governments has not only evoked the Bolsheviks—if continued, it will make all Russia support them.

And yet this mad policy has been followed in spite of the many attempts that the Soviet Government has made to cooperate with the Allied Governments. There was always what one might call an undercurrent of flirtation with the Allied Governments. For us there was open friendship: even the more fanatical recognized the difference between a medieval autocracy like Germany and a liberal republic like ourselves. Before the Brest-Litovsk treaty Trotzky requested the American Army to send him officers to instruct the Red Army and to put it in a position to fight Germany again. He requested the English to send him English naval officers to take charge of the Black Sea Fleet in order that it might not fall into the hands of the Germans. He even accepted the proffered help of a few French officers then in Russia, who, according to reliable witnesses, not only did not train the Red Army, but abused the confidence given them to get information which was later put at the disposal of the Czecho-Slovak troops. After the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed it was imperative, of course, that appearances should be kept up with Germany. Yet the Soviet Government's appeal to the Allies for co-operation was constant. During February they requested an American railway expert to take charge of the technical details of the Russian railroads, and a little later they informally proposed to give us the right to purchase ore and other raw materials (to purchase it exclusively, in spite of the fact that these were just the things needed then by Germany) in exchange for shipments of American goods to Rus-

ia. Liberal exchanges of Russian raw materials for food were guaranteed. Time after time the Soviet Government made direct and indirect offers of commercial cooperation. And usually they signified their complete willingness to renew the war against Germany (for they never hesitated to describe the treaty of Brest-Litovsk as no other than a robber's peace) as soon as the army could be reorganized and supplied with necessary munitions and equipment. Not one of these many offers was acknowledged, much less accepted. There seemed to be a preconceived plan not to recognize the Soviet Government under any circumstances and no matter what they offered. Since the armistice with Germany they have themselves offered an armistice to the Allied nations. More: according to the Daily News of London, Litvinoff, the representative until recently of the Soviet Government in England, has formally offered any concessions to the Allied nations—including payment on the national debt by what gold is in Russia and by liberal concessions—in return for recognition of the Soviet Government by the Allied nations—and peace. But so far the consistently and sincerely friendly advances of the Soviet Government have been ignored.

Possibly one reason for this has been the star chamber method of conducting our diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government. If public opinion in the various Allied countries—ourselves included—had ever had any opportunity whatever to discuss any of these offers, the situation today might be different. But the news from Russia, particularly since the Bolsheviks have had control, has been notoriously false. The stories of massacre and anarchy are, of course, largely for effect, and are not to be taken seriously. The real truth about them is well illustrated in the article in this issue signed S. M. It is also well known that the various governmental censorships, principally the British, have suppressed actual news messages sent by accredited correspondents of accredited news associations from Moscow and Petrograd—messages sent by men who were not themselves Bolsheviks at all, but simply honest journalists. And many are the stories of events by "eyewitnesses" who saw no more than the inside of a hotel in Stockholm. Not a word of the constructive work being done by the Soviet Government has been given out by the press. Such simple documents as we publish on another page, for example, (see Foreign Comment) are practically unknown. All that we are allowed are silly stories about new decrees on marriage and free love, issued (where rarely authentic) by irresponsible groups striving to

put the Soviet Government in a false light. When a really first-rate analysis of what the Soviet Government is doing is published—like *The Soviets at Work* by Lenin—we are informed by Postmaster General Burleson that it is unavailable. But the worst of all is the fashion in which the news about Allied intervention is distorted. We are led to believe that Allied troops landed in Vladivostok to restore "law and order," to put down the rule of an anarchical minority and to substitute a democratic government. It is false. There was quiet and the best of law and order at Vladivostok when Allied troops landed. The Soviet had the support and affection of the people. The Allied troops did not set up a democratic government: they set up a reactionary dictatorship. We are prepared to prove that in every case where Allied troops have invaded Russian soil they have overthrown the popular government and set up a temporary government resting for its support on foreign bayonets, a government reactionary and in some cases even frankly monarchist. It is safe to say that the average American citizen would be thoroughly shocked at knowing the kind of imperialistic and anti-democratic game which is being played by our own and our Allies' armies in Russia. These are facts and we think it high time that they be told. We do not believe that our own Government wants the restoration of the monarchy in Russia or that it would support a demonstrably unpopular government forever. The American Government would like to see in Russia a liberal and commercial republic like ourselves—a quiet, respectable government with which we could do business. Undoubtedly. But what we should like and what we are as a matter of cold fact getting are two widely different things. It is no secret that powerful parties in Japan are advocating the unostentatious annexation of large sections of Siberia, and that they have no interest in seeing any stable popular government arise east of the Urals. It is no secret that England trembles for Persia, Afghanistan, and India, and that the Tory party would gladly crush the Russian Revolution if it exhibited any tendency towards proselytism in foreign countries (as it has). It is no secret that a certain section of French governmental opinion cares not a fig what sort of a reactionary government there is in Russia, provided only it is a government that will immediately repay the foreign loan. In a word, our intervention in Russia may have been undertaken with the best of intentions, *but the practical situation with which we are faced today is either to support reaction and imperialism or—to withdraw our troops.* Russian intervention has become for Amer-

ica a tragic anachronism since the defeat of Germany. We have neither a national nor an international interest which today legitimately sanctions the presence of our troops on Russian soil. It is false to our traditions to be fighting a workingman's republic, even if we do not approve of its form or its manners. It is not in accordance with any doctrine of American national policy for us to be engaged in crushing a revolution or in crucifying the hopes and aspirations of a great and mighty people. It is really difficult to believe that this is the same country which in Washington's time almost had a civil war because this government refused to intervene in the French Revolution, *on behalf of the revolutionists*. And not even the most severe critics of the present leaders of the Soviet Government have said one-tenth as bitter things as were said of Robespierre and Marot in their day. No; to help crush a revolution is not in accordance with the real American tradition.

For that reason we demand of our Government that our troops now in Russia be immediately withdrawn. We are asking no more than British Labor and French Labor and Italian Labor have already officially demanded of their governments. We are asking no more than President Wilson has again and again promised to the Russian people—"We are fighting," said the President in his communication to the Provisional Government of Russia on June 9, 1917, "for the liberty, the self-government, and the undictated development of all peoples, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose." We are asking no more than would ask, if they knew the facts, and do ask, those who are aware of them, the soldiers who entered this war inspired by an honest ideal to defeat the menace of German autocracy and to bring freedom to the oppressed peoples of the world. Those who have given their lives on the battlefields of France will rise to reproach us if we are now false to our trust.

We have fought for freedom, and as the President has said, the undictated development of all peoples. We demand that Russia have her fair chance at that freedom and self-development, and that if we are in no position to direct or guide the actions of other nations with respect to her *we* at least shall leave her free to work out her own destiny. Let a war which has not been declared by the nation we are fighting, or by ourselves, cease. And let those representatives of Russia who speak for the majority of the Russian people and not for interested cliques of intriguers have a voice and a hearing at the peace conference.

We demand that freedom of communication with Russia be at once restored, and that the whole truth be permitted to appear without let or hindrance in our periodicals; that the motives back of intervention, be they either political or economic or what not, be given to the American people in order that they may have full knowledge and may of themselves determine whether or not they are willing to back up the present intervention in Russia and what is the logical further activity implied by that intervention. We demand that the open diplomacy for which the President has declared be practiced with respect to Russia. We demand, in a single word, *the truth*. We have lived for the last year in a poisonous atmosphere of lies and slander and intrigue and double-dealing. As Americans, who honestly believe that we speak for the sober second thought of this country and for those who have no organ of publicity or appeal, we demand that once and for all the clean wind of the truth be allowed to sweep away the false conceptions and interested propaganda which have infected the country. We demand of our Government a clear formulation and simple, honest statement of its Russian policy. We demand that that policy be based on the facts and not on lies, that that policy be American and American alone.

THE EDITORS.

Survivor

In the rustling summer of your heart
Where limpid butterfly-emotions
Are tangled in sun-strands, and all is tinged with young loves,
There grows an old, twisted tree.
He seems to wonder how he came
To all the light and warmth that whisks endlessly past him.
He is an old, half-withered sorrow,
And he bears for your skipping joys a sad friendliness.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

Russia and the American Press

RUSSIA has always been a land of mystery, a terra incognita, to us. During the reign of the Czar our knowledge of that country was limited to stories of bureaucratic corruption, brutal oppression, and Jewish massacres. Occasionally Stephen Graham, of British fame, treated us to a eulogy of the autocratic regime which, he maintained, was best calculated to keep in proper place the many millions of ignorant and vodka-drinking peasants who worshiped their "Little Father," the God-appointed head of State and Church.

When the Russian Revolution broke out, and the selfsame peasants, garbed in soldiers' and sailors' uniforms, raised a heavy hand against their "beloved" Czar and with one mighty stroke swept out all vestige of his malevolent rule, we were told tales of anarchy and chaos, of the mistreatment of "innocent" army officers in the prisons of Kronstadt, of the burning of manor houses by infuriated peasants, and were constantly impressed with the belief that the Russian people were not ripe for self-government. The Bolshevik propaganda among the army, which met with great success because of the blunders of Allied diplomacy, the weakness of the Provisional Government, the general disorganization in the country, and the war-weariness of the masses (who are not interested in the acquisition of the Dardanelles or the freedom of the seas), was conveniently and thoughtlessly branded as German; and this prevented any true understanding of the whole movement. The very word "Bolshevik" sounded mysterious and threatening, but no one saw fit to explain its meaning. And when these same Bolsheviks came into power, and in spite of the frequent prophecies about their imminent downfall continued in power—much to the disappointment and chagrin of the false prophets—our newspapers became a sort of clearing-house for abuse, calumny, falsehood, and other attributes of impotent rage, lavishly heaped upon them by their conscious and unconscious enemies.

For, really, what do we know about present-day Russia, her form of government, and the purposes of her rulers? Barring advance information about massacres of the bourgeoisie, which somehow do not come off, and repeated predictions that millions are going to die for lack of food and fuel, which prediction the millions stubbornly refuse to bear out, what news do we get from that country? Practically none. Our correspondents in Russia, with one or two exceptions, do not speak the language of

the people, either in the literal or in the figurative sense, do not understand their psychology, do not know their history and their heroic struggle for freedom. They come there with a mental equipment sufficient perhaps for a breezy account of a divorce trial or an enthusiastic report about a smashing home-run, but utterly and sadly inadequate for the comprehension of so tremendous an upheaval. Unable to grasp the significance of the great social phenomenon, they dwell of necessity upon the minor details, the discordant and petty elements, which they pick up on the fringes of the Revolution. Thus it happens that a murder or a plain hold-up is magnified to the proportions of anarchy and terror, and the tearful recital of a dispossessed aristocrat is taken as a proof of the country's lawless state. To the total lack of intelligent understanding on the part of some is added the prejudice and bigotry of others who strenuously oppose any and all radical innovations which tend to undermine the citadel of conservatism. These are constitutionally unable to see any good in the Russian Revolution which does not work out in accord with the editorial views of their respective papers. Some of them have spent years in Russia, hobnobbing with the Czar's officials and receiving their Russian news while sipping champagne in the cozy atmosphere of a well-appointed room, and they were shocked beyond the hope of recovery when the unshaven and noisy Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies demanded a public statement of Allied war aims and declared for "peace without annexations or indemnities, and self-definition of peoples." The advent of the Bolsheviks completed their mental derangement, so that since November 1917 they have been able to see nothing but red. Their optic sense has been so perverted that a political amnesty they view as a general massacre; and their loss of reasoning capacity is evidenced by their readiness to confirm any rumor, no matter how wild and improbable, if only it is in line with their sad delusion.

There are also those, of the yellow kind, who in order to please the editor or to satisfy their own craving for the sensational send grossly exaggerated or deliberately lying stories. As an illustration the following may serve. Some time ago a New York daily published a story by its Russian correspondent about a certain Peters, the President of the Moscow Commission for the Suppression of Counter-Revolu-

tion, who, as the story ran, "signed death warrants day and night until he dropped from sheer physical exhaustion." The story was embellished with a few personal characteristics which portrayed the unfortunate victim of the correspondent as a most blood-thirsty monster in human form. Diligent inquiry has disclosed that the Bolsheviks have a grim habit of publishing the lists of people executed for state and other offenses, and that at the time the correspondent above referred to was in Russia the greatest number of persons executed in a single day in Moscow was twenty-three. While this number may be large enough to impress anyone with the seriousness of the anti-Bolshevik movement in Russia (which movement, it must be noted, appears to be confined to the former nobility and property-owning class), it can readily be seen that Peters scarcely dropped from "physical exhaustion" after affixing his signature twenty-three times. On other days he was required to sign twelve, or eight, or five death warrants, which to a revolutionist who has experienced the "discomforts" of the Czar's prison regime and who is fighting against its restoration is a mere bagatelle. He has risked his life in the battle against autocratic tyranny and he rightly considers that its champions must either win or perish. The following, which is reprinted from the official Moscow *Izvestia* of July 13, is a typical announcement of the sort that one occasionally reads in the Russian press:

During the night of July 12, by order of the Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of the Counter-Revolution, ten leaders of the counter-revolutionary organization, the Union for the Salvation of the Fatherland and the Revolution, were shot. The reasons for this execution are that recent reports from the provinces state that agents of the above-named organization instigated partial armed outbreaks against the Soviet Government. These reports, combined with the fact, recently established, that the chief staff of this organization was working out a plan for a general armed uprising, have extremely aggravated the situation, especially in view of the latest events.

Experience has shown that the imprisonment of members of this criminal society does not attain the purpose, as, possessing an enormous amount of money, this society organizes their escape from the prisons, and they continue their criminal activity. The armed mutiny which was in the process of preparation threatened also the lives of many people among the peaceful population, and, therefore, the Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of the Counter-Revolution decided to exterminate the counter-revolutionary organization at the very root and treat the leaders as open enemies caught with arms in their hands. The following persons, all former officers, have been executed: 1. General Popoff. 2. B. Pokrovsky. 3. Sidoroff (alias Aveyeff). 4. Dushak. 5. Kolenko. 6. Rosenfeld (alias Rosanoff). 7. Olgin (alias Gertzik). 8. Ilvovsky. 9. Belousoff. 10. Floroff.

In justice to the Bolsheviks it must be said that

they do not show partiality in the matter of executions, and accord similar treatment to their own comrades when the latter commit crimes which, according to the Bolshevik legal code, are just as heinous as treason. Hans Vorst, the Moscow correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt, whose description of the activity of the Extraordinary Commission was reprinted in the New York Times of December 1, says:

It should be mentioned that the Extraordinary Commissions proceed with the same severity as against the bourgeoisie against the abuses and dishonesty among the Soviet officials themselves. Among the lists of those shot one occasionally runs across reports like this: "Commissary X. Y. Z., for drunkenness and misconduct," or "Y. Z., member of such and such Soviet, for drunkenness and other crimes." The list is already lengthy of the Soviet officials who have been shot for bribery and extortion.

Our total ignorance of conditions in Russia and our hunger for news from that country explain the avidity with which we swallow all interviews with former Generals, erstwhile Princes, and British merchants who "escape" from Petrograd or Moscow in a first-class compartment of the *wagons-lits* and vie with one another in their recitals of the blood-curdling deeds of the murderous Bolsheviks. One of these fortunate individuals was asked in the midst of his narrative for a definition of Bolshevik, and he replied that the root of the word meant "chaos." The reporter was much satisfied with this learned definition and recorded it for the public's information.

May one suggest that in this era of reconstruction, when various policies are put forward—from the radical program of the British Labor Party to the very conservative proposal of the American Manufacturers' Association to lower wages and extend working hours—the American press would be greatly benefited by the abolition of yellow journalism and a slight change in the personnel of its foreign correspondents? Europe is shaken by a succession of revolutions. Empires and dynasties are crumbling to the dust. In place of autocracy and feudalism democracies are set up. Great mass movements are shaking the very foundations of the modern political and economic order. Intelligent observation and fair discrimination are essential to a proper understanding of the developments in the Old World, so that the New World may learn the lesson of history and not repeat the mistakes of the past. And the raising of the intellectual level of our correspondents in Europe, particularly in Russia, would be an important step in the educational reconstruction of this country.

S. M.

The Soviet at Work

SEVENTEEN DAYS after we left the great Red Commune of Petrograd, looking out towards the Atlantic, the Trans-Siberian express was gliding along the waters of the Golden Horn of the Far East, carrying us into Vladivostok, looking from its hilly promontory out into the Pacific.

It was in a world of Soviets that we had moved across the great, slow, northern-flowing rivers, the Urals, the Taiga forests, and the steppes. The trainmen spoke of their Soviet; the peasants of theirs; the miners at Anjarnaya had greeted us with great red banners in the name of theirs. We had conferred with the Soviet of Central Siberia and the Far East Soviet. It seemed as if the whole world was taken up with this new organ, and as we stepped from the train at Vladivostok we were to find the Soviet there an exact replica of the one we had left at Petrograd, seven thousand miles away at the other end of the line.

There is no more remarkable phenomenon in all history than the fact that in a week after the Revolution one sixth of the earth's surface should in every city and village burgeon forth with this new sort of governmental apparatus; that it should manifest its worth, strike its roots deeper and deeper, crowd out all rivals, resist the shock of every attack, and after fifteen months hold undisputed control from the Arctic Ocean on the north to the Black Sea on the south, from Narva upon the Finnish Gulf to Vladivostok here on the Yellow Sea.

All along the Trans-Siberian line the Soviets were at work upon the staggering problems that had fallen on them. The armies of unemployed were swarming in all the streets.

The dislocation of industry following the war and the Revolution, the demobilization of twelve million soldiers, and the arbitrary shutting of factories by their owners all combined to fill the cities with the workless. The Soviets saw the menace to their existence in these idle hands and started in to open up the factories. The management was lodged with the workmen themselves and credit was furnished by the Soviet. Under the Kerensky regime, workman's control had often proved disastrous. One of the causes was the constant demand for more and more pay. The bewildered cabinet ministers were at their wits' ends to find a way to stop this cry for ever higher and higher wages. The Soviet however stopped it at once. The leaders first tried wage limitation on themselves. By decree of the Central Russian Soviet the maximum

salary for any official of the new Russian Government was fixed at 500 roubles a month. The members of the Vladivostok Soviet, with the student Soochanov at their head, pointing out the lower cost of living in the Far East, voluntarily scaled theirs down to 300 roubles a month. After this, when any workman felt within him the itching desire for a fatter pay-envelope, the question of his fellow-worker was: "Do you want to get more than Lenin or Soochanov?" This logic was unanswerable.

As soon as the workmen found the factories really in their hands there came a change in their minds. Under the Kerensky regime they had tended to elect a foreman for his leniency. Under their own government, the Soviet, they began to elect as foremen those who put discipline into the shop and raised the production. The first time I met Krasnoschekoff, the head of the Far East Soviet, he was talking pessimistically about the industrial outlook: "For every word I say to the bourgeoisie against their sabotaging, I say ten words to the workingmen against their slackness. But I believe the change is coming." When I saw him the last of June he was in a happy, jubilant mood. The change had come, and in six factories he said that they were producing more than ever before.

In the so-called "American Works" the wheels, frames, and brakes of cars, shipped from the United States, were assembled and the cars sent out over the Trans-Siberian Railway. Under the Kerensky regime these shops had been hotbeds of trouble, one disturbance following close on the heels of another. The 6,000 workmen on the payroll were turning out but 18 cars a day. The Soviet Committee closed the plant down and then completely reorganized the shops, reducing the force to 1800 men. In the underframe section, instead of 1400 there were now 350; but by means of short-cuts, introduced by the workers themselves, the output of that department was increased. Altogether, the 1800 men on the new payroll were turning out 12 cars a day—an efficiency increase of more than 100 per cent per man.

One day I was standing with Soochanov on the hills overlooking the shops. He was listening to the clank of the cranes and the stamp of the trip hammers ringing up from the valley.

"That seems to be sweet music in your ears," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "the old revolutionists used to

make a noise with bombs, but this is the noise of the new revolutionists."

The strongest ally of the Soviet was the Union of Miners. It organized the unemployed into little Soviets of 50 and 100, equipped them, and sent them out to the mines along the great Amur. These enterprises were highly successful. Each man was turning out on an average of from 50 to 100 roubles worth of gold and other ore per day. The question of pay arose. One of the miners unearthed the slogan: "To every man the full product of his labors." It at once achieved a tremendous popularity among the miners, who declared their loyalty to this fundamental Socialist principle; nothing, they said, could induce them to depart from it. But the Soviet held a different view. There was a deadlock. Instead of taking recourse to the historic method of settling the dispute by bombs and troops, the workingmen fought it out on the floor of the Soviet and the miners capitulated to the logic of their comrades. Their wages were fixed at about 15 roubles per day with a bonus for extra production. In a short time twenty-six *poods* (there are 36 pounds in a *pood*) of gold were accumulated at headquarters in Habarovsk. Against this they were preparing to issue paper money. The seal was a sickle and a hammer, and the design showed a peasant and a worker clasping hands and the riches of the Far East streaming out over the world.

One of the white elephants to which the Soviet fell heir was the Voenna Port (Military Port). It was a huge plant built for military and naval purposes, and a monument to the inefficiency of the Old Regime. It carried on its payroll as fine a line of grafting officials and favorites as ever decorated an establishment of the Czar. The barnacles on the ships of the volunteer fleet were a consequence of those upon the payroll. The Soviet immediately scraped these eminent barnacles off its payroll. The Committee retained the services of the old manager of the Port as Chief Technician. For these proletarians recognized the necessity of experts, that they were not to be found in their own ranks, and that they must pay the price for them. Some of these bourgeois administrators received a salary five or ten times greater than any of the commissaires. For the first time the working-class set out to buy brains in the same way as the capitalist class had done heretofore.

The Committee took upon itself the task of shifting the production from implements of war to implements of peace. They introduced a system of strict accounting. This showed that the new plows and weights were being produced at a much higher cost than the same articles could be imported from

abroad. They then set to work changing the machinery and speeding it up. Many machines and ships were brought in for repairing. When a particular contract was not completed at the end of the eight-hour day the foreman would give a statement about the condition of the work and the number of extra hours required. Then the men, taking new pride in the speediness of the work, often voted to stick by the job, even if it took all night. With this went a vote of increase of pay for the foreman.

Under the old administration most of the workers had had to spend from one to three hours in coming to the factory. Only the old officials had quarters convenient to the Port. The Committee immediately started the building of new quarters for the workers. A host of new devices were introduced to promote the saving of time and to prevent the wasting of energy, with the consequent elevation of the esprit de corps. The long line of employees, waiting in turn to receive their pay envelopes, was abolished by appointing one man to receive the pay for every two hundred.

They had an unfortunate experience in the selection of one of these men, who was so constituted that he could resist everything but temptation. Having received the two hundred pay envelopes, he started out to distribute them and then thought better of it. No one knows how it happened. Part of the men said it must have been some devil of a bourgeois who whispered into the ears of this weak comrade and drove from his mind all thought of his family, his shop, his Soviet, and the Revolution. At any rate he was found later beside some empty vodka bottles with his pockets empty too. When he recovered from his happiness he was brought before the shop committee and charged with breach of Revolutionary honor and treason to the Voenna Port. The Grand Session of the Revolutionary Tribunal was held in the main shop with the 1500 men on the jury. The verdict was "Guilty!" The Committee then proposed that the jury should vote on one of the three following sentences: (1) Summary dismissal and blacklisting, so that the culprit would be effectually barred from all further employment. (2) Dismissal, but the payment of his wages to his wife and children continued. (3) Pardon and reinstatement. They voted for proposition number two, thus attaching a definite stigma to his dereliction and at the same time sparing his family from suffering. But this didn't bring back the money to the unfortunate two hundred. The men voted, thereupon, to take the loss upon themselves. The loss of the two hundred was evenly distributed among the whole fifteen hundred.

The verdict of the working-class upon the Soviet as an institution is that it has made good. Towards the mistakes and failures of the Soviet the attitude they take is the same a man takes towards his own mistakes and failures—a very lenient one.

Out of their experience the workers have gained confidence. They went far enough to know that they can organize industry. Having passed through the period of strife and discouragement, they began to feel a sense of elation at their own successes. They would have been still more elated had it not been for their enemies, who were constantly hatching some new conspiracy to kill their Soviet.

Just as things were running well in the shop, the men were compelled to drop their tools and take up their rifles; the railroads, instead of carrying food and implements, were compelled to carry ammunition and troops. The workmen, instead of strengthening and extending the new State apparatus, had to rally to the defense of the ground on which they stood.

After Kaledin and Korniloff had been beaten the counter-revolutionary forces backed by foreign capital put their hopes in Semyenof, Orloff, and Kalmikoff. Regiments of officers, monarchists, adventurers, Khun-Khuz bandits, and Japanese mercenaries were formed in Manchuria and kept attacking the frontiers of the workingman's republic.

It was the regular detachments of the Red Army that bore the brunt of these raids. As soon as the enemy broke through, the cry of "The Socialist Fatherland is in danger!" was raised. Into every village and factory hurried the call to arms. Each formed its little detachment, and along the roads and pathways they marched up into the Manchurian Mountains, singing sometimes a revolutionary hymn and sometimes folk songs of the village. Poorly equipped and poorly fed, they voluntarily advanced to pit themselves against a merciless foe, splendidly armed and trained.

The Red Army and the Red Guard showed a manifest lack of the iron discipline of the regular national armies. But it had an élan which all others lacked. I talked much with these peasants and workers who for weeks had been lying out on the hillsides in the rain and the cold. "What made you come and what keeps you here?" I asked. "Well—millions of us dark people," they replied, "had to go out and die for the government of the Czar in the old days; surely we should all be cowards if we didn't go out and fight for a government that is our own!"

"Our own government!" That was the expression one constantly heard. The opportunity which the Soviets had thus given them to become masters

of their own fate, rulers of their own life, is the reason why the workmen cherished their Soviet and why they had been ready to die for it. And this loyalty is not merely loyalty to an institution which gives them higher wages and shorter hours. It has a social and spiritual content.

I remember a session of the Vladivostok Soviet when one of the Right was making a furious attack upon the Soviet at a time when the food rations had been limited. "The Bolsheviks promised you lots of things," he said, "but they didn't give them to you, did they? They promised you bread, but where is it? Where is the bread that . . . ?" The words of the speaker were drowned in a storm of whistles and hisses.

The devotion of the Russian workman to the Soviet is not based solely upon the material returns that are given to him. It has given him other values: a very human government—a government which is the outgrowth of his other institutions—the Artel and the Mir, a government that he can understand, a government in which he feels a very present sense of ownership.

In this last particularly lies the force which makes him a zealot for the Soviet. For the workman is just like any other human being: he likes power. And once having tasted he is loath to let it go; and once having lost it he strives for it again. As the Soviets are brought down by the Allied troops the Soviet becomes enthroned in the hearts of the masses. Every peasant and workman who falls before the Allied guns in the defense of the Soviet only roots deeper the loyalties to his institution. The Soviet is only silenced. It is not destroyed. It goes underground and becomes an object of religious devotion.

Supposing the Allies are able to smash the Soviets and then, proclaiming a grand philanthropy, go into Russia with all sorts of economic help. Supposing they pour into that country unlimited stores, Red Cross supplies, and railroad equipment. Will that satisfy the Russian workingmen and peasants? Will that atone to them for the destruction of their Soviets? Only those who are totally ignorant of the social significance of the Soviets can believe that. Only those who are unaware of the spiritual content of the Revolution to the Russian masses will attempt to bribe them.

"The conquest of the Revolution"—one hears that over and over again. And that means not only the conquest of bread. It is the conquest over the houses and cities they live in, the shops and lands they work in, a conquest of government—the Soviet.

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS.

A Story-Teller's Holiday

IN A STORY-TELLER'S HOLIDAY, George Moore's latest and nearest approach to the perfectly confidential (issued by Boni & Liveright for the Irish Folklore Society; limited edition, \$10), our friend of deathless middle-age is discovered on a familiar scene. Self-revelation is taken up as easily as if it had never been dropped; the old properties have scarcely needed a dusting. Moore Hall even looms again, and one gathers with sorrow that it is passing into other hands, though one is not very clear on the matter—not unpleasantly clear and not confused at all. Moore rid himself long since of that juggler's ambition to keep more than one object in the air at a time, so that no perplexities hinder the soft satisfaction of things that are forever taking leave.

Halfway through the book, reminiscence condenses and takes shape in stories on a theme, or rather the refinement of a theme, which Boccaccio probably thought he had pretty well exhausted. It is not inappropriate that the Irish Renaissance should have found a new quill for this ancient itch. Boccaccio would have been envious; but he might also have been impatient. Moore's story of the temptation of the saints by the saints for the greater glory of Heaven lingers along with as many tantalizing pastoral interruptions as the story of Daphnis and Chloe. And while Moore, knowing Christian doctrine better than Longus, did not have to resort to an improbable innocence to stave off the event, Boccaccio would still have been impatient. A quotation here from *The Nuns of Crith Gaille* may be of use:

"In the South," said Brpther Marban, "the blood is hotter than it is in the North. Ah!" the Mother Abbess grunted, "true for you. It's in holy Ireland only that strength is given to man to best temptation; and now, for it's getting late, which of us is going to . . ."

But this is neither Italy nor Ireland.

An American's annoyance at Moore's interruptions is likely to be more complex than an Italian's, because the American is generally under more constraint. In spite of his editors the American still has a taste for what is not entirely nice in literature. The influence of the editors, however, becomes evident as soon as he makes up his mind to the plunge. Like a boy of twelve he will have had to assume much inward bravado; his conscience will be sternly clamped down; his heart will beat rapidly. And being finally ready for the worst, he will insist on having it unadulterated. Anything less than the worst will naturally seem an impertinence or even an insult. The only interruption that he could possibly

excuse would be from the moral idea, the familiar moral idea which purifies vaudeville. Alas, in *A Story-Teller's Holiday* the familiar moral idea is not to be found. What is not nice is interrupted by what is more or less beautiful—an intolerable interruption. Would any American have looked for the clear singing finish to *The Nuns of Crith Gaille*; would he be apt to like it? Not at first. Later perhaps, he would remember the expurgated *Odyssey* of his high school days, and how when Circe had changed the sailors back from swine into men they appeared "taller than before they were, and handsomer far, and pleasanter to look upon." In this way he would get back to the moral idea, though not exactly the familiar one.

Let me hasten to add that probably no such moral idea was in Moore's mind when he wrote *The Nuns of Crith Gaille*, and that if it was there, he had it well under control. The mind of the reader is a different affair. One frequently hears of persons who claim to have been converted to a new and freer mode of life by one of Moore's novels or stories. Art's misfortune it surely is to be open to "interpretation" at all hours of the night by the first comer with a prejudice, a prejudice sometimes that has hitherto gone unrecognized by its possessor. At the same time I am not going to set about correcting wrong impressions by trying to appreciate the exclusively artistic triumphs of these delicately joined indelicacies. For one thing it would be superfluous. Few writers are more frankly awake than George Moore to the merits of their own work, and he has been at some pains to celebrate the fine points of each one of these stories.

Moore's self-celebrations always seem more trustworthy than other people's. We cannot doubt him when he tells us what part of a story is the best part, or when he tells us where the parts came from and how they were put together. De Gourmont and others have contradicted Poe's account of how he wrote *The Raven*, but no one is likely to contradict Moore as to his cool way with situations. And nothing in the stories contradicts him either. Indeed we have been aware for some time that he either could or would not commit himself in any prose narrative. His fortune is tied up; it is no longer available as it once was for the risk of being ridiculous. Since particulars here would simply be confusing, I may leave everyone to think for himself of some early book of Moore's that seems silly to him. This should be easy enough; but to think of a later book of Moore's, a book written since *Hail*

and Farewell, which seems silly will be more difficult. In fact, as I said, Moore appears to have ceased altogether to run this salutary risk of being ridiculous, and equally he seems to have lost his ability to strike fire.

Without trying further to connect these two observations, I will point to *The Brook Kerith*. There is nothing silly in *The Brook Kerith*; it could no more be ridiculous than a well chosen collection. A collection of literary objets d'art it certainly is—a marvelous collection adroitly disposed. Every bit of character, incident, scenery that appears in it is of the very highest quality. Yet one looks in vain for anything to equal the last heroic scene of *Esther Waters*.

The Brook Kerith is held together by a sustained grayness such as we do not often find. In a measure Moore's consistently gray palette is responsible for this not altogether agreeable effect, but only in a measure. Turgenev proved very well with his colorless intensity that grisaille in literature is capable of life and vibration. Intensity. Decidedly we shall have to fall back on this reliable tertium quid when we are finding fault with *The Brook Kerith* and the stories of *A Story-Teller's Holiday*.

Where we can, however, we may as well be explicit. Moore's inadequacy when he comes to deal with people and atmospheres which he has never experienced is not anything one needs be vague about. Without a doubt he wanted to do the exotic and do it down to the ground. His ideas on translation tell us as much. In *The Confessions of a Young Man* he announced that the translator had failed miserably who had failed to bring over even a little of the original's strangeness. No detail seemed to him insignificant or obscure enough to permit any other than word for word translation. Perhaps his statement of this principle is exaggerated—exaggeration has been always his favorite way of showing his contempt for principles, even his own principles—but the principle itself is a much healthier one than that of the translators who were then in fashion. What a relief it is even now to turn to an interlinear after the sweetness and light of—shall we say—Jowett's Plato!

Unfortunately, writing *The Brook Kerith* was hardly the same thing as translating. Moore had here to give new life to something which had never come within the range of any one of his keen five senses. The sixth romantic sense that should have helped him he had not at all. In its place was a fine literary sense, serviceable enough for arranging his own sensations, but of no use in gathering new sensations out of other people's reports. In a few years *The Brook Kerith* will probably be thought of

—if this is not too strong a verb—as are Voltaire's or Dryden's South American tragedies. It will be remembered, without being read, as a classical writer's attempt to be romantic. Nothing absolutely forbids such a writer an exotic subject; only remoteness, if not a help, will surely be a hindrance.

In *Impressions and Opinions* Moore wrote about Verlaine, whom he had met, and about Rimbaud, whom he had never met. His remarks about the poems of both are sensible enough. But when he comes to the men, he does well by Verlaine and badly by Rimbaud. Lies, per se, are sufficiently harmless—but what lies! Rimbaud has immured himself forever in a convent by the Red Sea. He has been seen digging the soil for the grace of God. "The Mediaevalism of this strange story," says Moore, letting the cat out of the bag with a sigh of literary contentment, "has always had a singular fascination for me." A singular fascination it must have been, to have led its victim so frequently of late into regions where he was at a disadvantage with even so humble a romancer as Andrew Lang.

But the final touch in the picture of Moore as connoisseur came when he began ostentatiously to rewrite his old books. Clearly it was a case of rearranging the collection. No author who regarded his work as sacred or inspired could have made such extensive changes. Turgenev in his old age was afraid that his sole touch would contaminate the work of his prime. On the other hand many authors who do not think their work sacred are still kept from revising it by a feeling quite as strong, a feeling of disgust. As soon as a book has left their hands it is dead; the next stage is putrefaction. Moore has no feelings of this sort either. His appraising eye regards failures and successes without awe and without repugnance. He does not hesitate to relate the intimate history of every one of his creations, even of those which were evidently conceived in sin. He is writing now, so he tells us in his preface, for men and women of letters, so that there is no danger of wounding sensitive feelings. Yet perhaps even to men and women of letters so much talk about incident, scenery, and character will seem unworthy in a generation which prides itself on having banished the subject from painting.

Of course we may say that Moore's interest in these things is as beautiful morally as the enthusiasm of an old gentleman at work in his garden; but moral consolation is not the precise thing we are looking for in *A Story-Teller's Holiday*. What really makes up to us for the absence from these stories of epic grandeur, lyric intensity, and so forth is the extraneous matter which precedes and follows the stories, comes between and permeates

them. If the proposition which I have perhaps foolishly been trying to prove is true, and Moore will never write another novel as good as *Esther Waters*, the world is still not much the poorer. One novel is quite enough for a novelist to be survived by, the number of good novels and stories even in English being really excessive. Not so with memoirs. Had Moore filled *A Story-Teller's Holiday* entirely with stories, he would not have had time to immortalize in a few words the Irish rebellion. And had he been busy with novels all this while, he would not have given the Irish Renaissance a chance of being remembered for a long time after the greatest event in history has been forgotten. Two such writers of memoirs are not likely to be seen in the same fifty years, and unless Moore turns his attention to the greatest event it may conceivably fail to take its place in history at all. Yet even such a calamity might seem providential to serious persons who remembered Moore's habit of making whatever he writes about a little funny.

This blight of absurdity is largely due to the shrinkage which things of great importance to the world undergo when they pass into Moore's memoirs. Here the author is the important thing, and it is natural that as objects get farther from him they should approach the vanishing point. From the center of the picture Moore's concerns and un concerns, his likes and dislikes, range away toward the horizon.

Mr. Chesterton once complained that Moore had been careful to observe himself, his likes and dislikes, from so many different angles that it was not possible to guess at his true nature. In this essay we seem to see Mr. Chesterton roaming hungrily in search of food for paradox. And we seem to see his inevitably logical mind, baffled at all points by unresisting fluidity, finally hitting upon Moore's evident desire to describe himself, as the only thing contradictable. Everywhere else Moore had forestalled his by stating his own contradictions.

For once however let us do the difficult thing and give Mr. Chesterton the benefit of a doubt. Perhaps in *The Confessions of a Young Man* he divined already what later was to become so clear in *Hail and Farewell*: that Moore was anxious not so much to reveal himself as to form an opinion about himself, and then to confirm and promulgate it. Mr. Chesterton may have foreseen this development without being able to put his disapproval where it belonged.

Even so, there was not so very much cause for disapproval in the discovery that Moore was making himself a pose or attitude. The bad odor attaching to these words is entirely of modern construction.

The ancients regarded pose as the highest form of man's creative activity; even so recent a work as the Anglican Hymn Book seems to aim principally at making its readers self-conscious. If we pretend to despise a man as a poseur without regard to his pose, it is simply because we have become so false that it hurts us to talk frankly about our falseness. It goes without saying that everyone with imagination acts a part, what sort of an exhibition he makes of himself depending on his taste and on the taste of his audience. Moore, I suppose, is not posing, like the readers of the Anglican Hymn Book, for a crowd of invisible witnesses. Who can say? Doubtless he is his own audience and model.

At the very most there should be so little conflict between Moore's pose and his natural inclinations that our only possible objection to accepting his own account of himself would be that he did not tell the whole story. We might find it hard, for instance, to understand how a man could go so long unassassinated who invariably came out on top in conversation. But then, who really wants to know the whole story, and of what use is art anyway if it does not improve in some respect on life?

When we think of Moore we always think of the feminine temperament—passive, swayed by every impulse, yet parasitic, ungrateful, hard toward the world's opinion, proud to be "ashamed of nothing but of being ashamed." So he had described himself, and so he is to be known.

With such an accommodating framework we might expect considerable vagaries. Yet when we look into the matter we find that even the details of Moore's pose have remained unaltered since the beginning. There may have once been a time in the dim ages before *The Confessions of a Young Man* when Moore admired Zola and said so. Later he said that he did so no longer; and this is almost the last record of his having publicly changed his mind. Admirably continuity, sometimes hard to understand. That a man should hate Stevenson all his life long is comprehensible enough, but what are we to say of a man who never tires of praising Manet and Degas? This self-consecrated sparrow of the love of girls is, when it comes to male artists, faithful as the swan. (My zoological parallel is not disagreeably meant, however.)

Moore's dislikes are not only more comprehensible than his admirations; they are more influential, sounder. They might be described as the very soundest dislikes of the last fifty years in England. The dislikes of Henley, Symons, Stevenson, and others, including the academic critics, are as nothing compared with Moore's, which are as vital now as they were when he first put them into the world, or

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more correctly into England. Moore is the Sainte-Beuve of his generation in England, a creator of values, negative values—a sort of negative Sainte-Beuve. Need one argue that a negative Sainte-Beuve, if not actually better than a positive one, is still better than no Sainte-Beuve at all? Granted that many of Moore's dislikes were from Paris, is it not to his credit that he made them a part of himself, and a part of the best critical thought that is being expressed in English today? The dislike of Huysman's for ideas in literature, which that bleak American aristocrat, Mr. T. S. Eliot, was lately airing—who brought it across the Channel if it was not Moore? Let us also remember that Moore did something for us, and be thankful: "Henry James," he said, "went to France and read Turgenev; W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James."

In comparison with such immortal dislikes, Moore's admirations seem a little trivial, and one suspects that he is not wholly unconscious of this bad impression. There may have been a time, as I said, when he really admired Zola and Balzac and Manet and the rest. That he turned on Zola so frankly was partly Zola's fault. But the others

have got off little better. As Moore's pose developed, serious admirations became more and more burdensome. To free himself he resorted to a method more tender than the one he had used with Zola, but no less sure. The case of Balzac is typical. How many times has Moore praised Balzac with luxuriant praises? How many times has he repeated Balzac's story of the Spanish nobleman who was compelled to chop off the heads of all his relatives? Moore knows as well as the next man that this story is not one that will stand retelling, still less repeating. Yet here it is again in A Story-Teller's Holiday, related with as much high seriousness as ever. Thus gently and surely does Moore disengage himself from the clutch of his admirations, so gently and so surely that before we are aware that anything is happening, a great man has vanished utterly, and in his place is left only the glow of a splendid insincerity.

Turgenev alone has so far eluded this *apocolocyntosis*; he is still Moore's better self, the only sign of a divided allegiance. In time he too will magically go the way of the rest, and the grandest pose of our age will be without a flaw.

J. S. WATSON, JR.

A League of Nations and Economic Freedom

ALTHOUGH the previous articles in this series have asserted that the hopeful approach to a concert of nations is along the economic road which should aim to further common interests, rather than by the negative and legal road which should content itself with litigation and the adjudication of disputes, the problem of the economic equality of nations, which constitutes the third of President Wilson's conditions (and with which any real adjustment of colonial problems is bound up) has been reserved for this concluding article. What does "equality of trade conditions" mean, and how is it to be achieved and guaranteed? The President has contributed to clarification of the thesis. It precludes economic boycotts and selfish economic combinations; it precludes, as he unequivocally states, all preferential trade arrangements. Access to raw materials may be assumed to mean guarantees of outlet to the sea, with the free ports and the internationalized railways and watercourses necessary for adequate commercial use of such ports. But obviously equalization of trade conditions among nations demands something more. It has been demonstrated that more is needed to secure freedom and equality of conditions between individuals than to declare them legally all

free and equal, while leaving them to unrestricted competition with one another. Immense inequality of power is compatible with formal equality. The same thing will surely develop with respect to any merely legal equality among nations. Certain nations have a tremendous superiority in population, natural resources, technical progress in industry, command of credit, and shipping. Nothing better calculated to develop actual inequality of trade relationship among nations could well be found than a system which set up a nominal mathematical equality and then threw matters practically into the hands of the present big nations. Under the old regime it was at least an object for every powerful state to attach to itself and its sphere of influence a certain number of the smaller and weaker states. To some extent the former were compelled to bid, by grant of economic concessions, for the support of the latter. A League of Nations which deprived economically weak states of all the advantages as well as disadvantages of the old system of groupings would merely leave them to be devoured by the competition with one another of the three or four big states of the world.

This may account for the fact that as yet nations

like Spain and Italy have not been seen to manifest enthusiasm for the project of a League of Nations. How can they be sure that, in effect, it is not a combination of, say, the United States and the British Empire, with incidental concessions to France, to control the commerce of the world, and to achieve, with no violation whatever of political equality, virtual subjugation of all other peoples? The question doubtless puts the matter with harsh exaggeration, but it suggests that a nation like, say, Italy cannot be expected to engage heartily in the new system of international organization unless she has some assurance in details as to how her economic interests are to be protected. Her primary question and that of other nations similarly situated will be: does the new system enable the more powerful peoples to take advantage of our weaknesses, or will it be so constituted as not merely to reinforce whatever strong points we possess with respect to the world's markets, but actually to make good our deficiencies? Shall we be given legally guaranteed access to coal and iron, but exacted at the highest prices that the market will bear (including a virtual monopoly of the world's shipping by other nations), or will administrative commissions of the League equitably survey the whole field and see to it that we get that relative share of the world's resources which an adequate development of our own powers requires? Shall we have to compete under onerous terms for the world's capital and credit, or will there be some assurance that credit will be equitably assigned to us for, say, such a development of our own hydroelectric power as will make us less economically dependent upon the very nations which supply the credit?

Such questions may seem to answer themselves. They may appear to exact a spirit not merely of justice but of altruism toward economically weak peoples, which it is hopelessly Utopian to forecast. Even so, the questions are worth putting even if only to suggest that the basic problems of an effective League of Nations involve more than a surrender of that arbitrary irresponsible political power we call national sovereignty, that they also involve surrender of ruthless economic activities which, to last analysis, rest only upon the possession of superior power due to accidents of position and history. But after all, the questions do not assume a fantastic altruism on the part of the bigger nations. They do assume, however, an *enlightened* self-interest—enlightened enough to see that some price must be paid for an adequate guarantee against the recurrence of wars which, even when valued in the most materialistic of cash terms, are indefinitely more costly than the charges imposed by the economic

self-restriction in question. Not only this, but also enlightened enough to look ahead and weigh the advantages of trade, extended over a long period, with a nation growing in internal prosperity, against immediate trade profits based upon taking advantages of a nation's needs and calculated to keep it in industrial subjection.

For in the long run this is the only question. Does trade flourish better and pay better with a weak and impoverished customer or with one having increasing wants because of increasing power to supply them? This, in last resort, is the question of a narrow protectionism versus an intelligent free trade. And thus we arrive, although perhaps by an unexpected route, at the heart of the question of the meaning of equality of trade conditions and the removal, as far as possible, of economic barriers. The classic doctrine of international free trade was hopelessly defective in that it entirely overlooked the need of intelligent supervision and positively controlling action if real equality of conditions is to be secured. The classic doctrine was bound up with the dogma of *laissez faire* among nations, and that doctrine was bound to work as fatally applied to nations as when applied to the relation of individuals. The doctrine rested upon the fantastically unreal theological doctrine of the goodness of Nature when left to herself, and of the natural harmony of interests. It ignored the fact that Nature means only the existent distribution of power, and that to fall back on the existent distribution of relative strength and weakness in the present world of states is to leave the destiny of the world at the mercy of rapacious economic prowess. Against such a dogma the protective policy has stood, however stupidly, for the need of some kind of human direction of natural forces.

In other words, any practicable and any desirable general adoption of a policy of international free trade means the development of powerful international administrative commissions dealing with such matters as equality of labor standards, the regulation of shipping, and, for some time to come, of food, raw materials, and immigrants, and above all of the exportation of capital and the distribution of the available credit of the world. Equality of trade conditions means *equalization* of conditions; it cannot be secured without giving to the maintenance of peace the same kind of intense intellectual labor, study, and foresight which has gone to the conduct of the war—the same in kind, but continued and persistent as well as comprehensive and impartial in scope. If a particular nation would gain in trade by keeping up low labor standards, then there must be power to penalize the commerce

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of that nation as a means of equalization. If it overstimulates science and industry along lines calculated to make other nations dependent upon it at a critical juncture—as Germany developed the dye industry as an adjunct to explosives—then that must be dealt with as an international government would deal with an excess cultivation of an armed force.

The problem is indeed difficult and complex. But its solution is not Utopian. It requires, let it be repeated, exactly the same kind of cooperating ability

of experts of all sorts which within a year took America from a peace basis to an effective war basis. The mobilization of the necessary variety and scale of forces was possible because of the faith and devotion behind the cause. That is the issue which faces the world, and especially the United States, with respect to the organization of the world on the basis of international democracy. The resources and abilities are at hand, if we choose to use them. The question is as to the depth and endurance of our desire.

JOHN DEWEY.

The New Forces in British Labor

BRITISH TRADE UNIONISM, not unlike American Trade Unionism, is conservative not only in temperament but also in form of organization. It has a long history behind it, and with the lapse of time it has accumulated traditions and vested interests which are difficult to dislodge. It has adapted itself painfully and imperfectly to the changing industrial conditions—and its power of resistance to change is so great that movements of innovation are virtually compelled to begin as "rebel" movements, with something like defiance of constituted Trade Union authority. Were the leaders of Trade Unionism men of wide sympathy and imagination there is little doubt that these "rebel" movements could be absorbed with comparatively little dislocation into the body of the Trade Union movement; and even as things are, the process of absorption is slowly taking place. Sooner or later British Trade Unionism will settle down to new forms of organization and new lines of policy, but the slowness of the change and the constant struggle which accompanies it are sorely hampering Labor in dealing with the problems of Reconstruction.

The new forces which have arisen in the British Labor movement during the war are mainly of two kinds. First there are the various organized "rank and file movements" of an unofficial character which have come into prominence during the war period; and second there is the huge growth in the organization of the less skilled male workers and of women. Both these groups of forces will necessitate large changes alike in the structure, in the administration, and in the policy of Trade Unionism; but the change will certainly not be accomplished in time for the period of Reconstruction. Nevertheless the new forces, though they will not have settled down into their future place in the machinery of Trade Unionism, will inevitably, even in their half-organized

state, exercise a most powerful influence upon the resettlement of industry.

The two groups of forces to which I have referred are essentially different, though they spring to some extent from a common impulse. The first group is in the main a movement among workers who were already organized before the war towards a new form of organization; the second is in the main a movement towards organization among workers who were previously unorganized. The first is to a considerable extent a movement away from the old "defensive" idea of Trade Union purpose towards a new "offensive" idea of the Trade Union as the nucleus for a new form of industrial control; the second is still largely a movement of mutual defense among workers who have hitherto lacked even the elements of organized self-protection. But, while this is true in the main, the movement among the less skilled workers is also accompanied by a "rank and file" movement within itself, in which the offensive idea of the Trade Union as a nucleus for workers' control of industry is largely present. Thus the two movements, while they remain distinct, interpenetrate and join hands on many points.

The rise of these new forces presents at once dangers and reasons for hope to British Labor. If they can be effectively combined into a single movement, the whole force of the British Labor movement will be enormously increased. If on the other hand the growing tension between the skilled and the less skilled workers develops into open conflict in the period after the war, it is only possible at the best to look for a final reconciliation and strengthening of forces at the end of a long period of disorganization and defeat. It is too soon to say which of these things will happen, but the outlook cannot be regarded as hopeful, despite the forces in both groups which are working for reconciliation.

The outstanding development of organization among the skilled workers during the war period is the shop stewards' movement. This movement, while it is not wholly new, has during the war assumed new forms, which have very largely changed its character. For many years before the war it was the practice for certain Trade Unions in certain districts to appoint, in addition to the ordinary Trade Union officials, workshop stewards, or delegates, in the various factories. The principal duty of these stewards was to see that newcomers joined the Union and that members paid their contributions promptly. In most cases they had no power of negotiation on behalf of the Union, though in a few trades their functions were wider and an able man could raise the post of steward to a certain degree of importance. On the whole it may be said that before the war, while the shop steward existed as an institution, he had shown few signs of the importance which he has acquired during the war.

Abnormal conditions have no doubt had much to do with the rapid growth of the shop stewards' movement during the war. The rapid changes in workshop organization, due to changes in productive methods and to the growth of dilution, the restrictive conditions imposed by the Munitions of War Acts and other war-time enactments, and the general intensification of industrial life, have all given rise to a large number of workshop problems calling for immediate action and solution. Moreover war-time conditions have to some extent hampered the freedom of the official Trade Union movement and, by increasing its remoteness from workshop life, have forced the "rank and file" workers to the improvisation of a substitute. Thus, while the creation of official shop stewards of the old type has gone on apace, there has also sprung into prominence a new type of steward, unofficial or at the most semi-official, arrogating to himself considerably wider powers; and the growth of this type of stewards has operated to cause an extension in the powers of stewards of the old official type.

Thus there has grown up, in most important factories, a body of shop stewards only imperfectly coordinated with the Trade Union movement outside the workshops. Nor has the new movement stopped short at this point. The "rank and file" stewards from the various factories in a district have come together to form a local Shop Stewards' and Workers' Committee, which has in some cases become a powerful rival to the official District Committees of the various Trade Unions. And finally, repeated and more or less successful attempts have been made to link up the various Workers' Committees in a single national "rank and file" organi-

zation, independent in its action of the national Trade Unions to which its members continue to belong.

The policy of the Shop Stewards' and Workers' Committee movement has been throughout aggressive and militant. It is a "rank and file" organization in revolt against the slowness and sectionalism of official Trade Unionism. In particular its members stand for amalgamation of Trade Union forces, and for the supersession of a narrow Craft Unionism by broader forms of organization by industry or class. One of the greatest obstacles to efficient Trade Union action during the war has lain in the multiplicity of competing and often hostile Trade Unions, and the difficulty of securing a common policy among these Unions has been one of the principal factors in forcing the shop stewards' movement into unofficial lines. Officialism has too often meant also sectionalism and lack of coordination; and consequently movements based on a wider idea than that of craft are almost forced to be unofficial, at least in their early stages.

Such is the shop stewards' movement which the war has created. It remains to see what will come out of it. Already it has won a certain measure of official recognition. A number of the principal engineering Trade Unions have signed an unsatisfactory agreement with the Engineering Employers' Federation providing for the recognition of shop stewards in workshop negotiations. By far the largest Trade Union concerned, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, refused to be a party to this agreement, but is now negotiating for a fuller measure of recognition on the same lines. And with recognition of shop stewards by the employers necessarily goes the recognition of shop stewards by the Trade Unions themselves, as an essential part of Trade Union official machinery.

The shop stewards, then, are certainly destined to play an important part in the Trade Union movement after the war. What, we must ask, is their real significance? It lies in their position as representatives directly chosen by the Trade Unionists in the various workshops and factories. The whole orientation of the new forces in the Trade Union world is towards the securing by Labor of a greater measure of control over the actual conduct of industry. As soon as this demand for control begins to translate itself from theory into practice it must assume a "workshop" form. The only place in which Trade Unionists can effectively begin to exercise control is in the workshops.

The real significance, therefore, of the shop stewards' movement lies in the fact that it does provide at least the nucleus of the machinery through which

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Trade Unionists can hope, by gradual extensions of their power, to assume control in the workshops. It may be agreed that it is at present ill-prepared for any such drastic step; but wherever the movement shows real signs of stability the more far-seeing stewards are beginning to work out the immediate problems of control. This is the case especially where systems of payment by results are in operation; for the demand is being made by the more constructive stewards that the working of such systems shall pass, by way of collective bargaining, into the hands of workshop committees consisting of stewards directly representing the workers employed in the shops. Another demand of immediate workshop importance is that the appointment of charge-hands and workshop foremen shall be transferred from the management to the workers employed in the shops; that is, virtually, that the shop stewards shall take the place of the foremen appointed by the management.

Whatever the immediate fate of these proposals may be, there can be no doubt that the effect of the shop stewards' emergence will be seen in a far greater concentration of Trade Union activity on problems of workshop control, and a consequently greater orientation of the whole Trade Union movement in the direction of control. The only thing that can prevent a considerable increase in Trade Union control over industry after the war is dissension in the ranks of the workers. The chances that this dissension will be avoided we shall be better able to estimate when we have discussed the second new movement of the war period—the growth of organization and consciousness among the less skilled workers—and its effects upon relations between the less skilled workers and the skilled craftsmen who form the greater part of the shop stewards' movement. This problem must be reserved for another article.

G. D. H. COLE.

Sauce for the Gander and Sawdust for the Goose

IF, AS SOME critics assert, literature tends to become unduly feminized, a balance in the arts may be considered struck by the masculinization of the theater. In this particular connection the theater is not to be understood as the drama, which in its highbrow connotation may be considered a near relation to literature and perhaps tarred with the same brush by the devitalizing feminine hand. The theater from another aspect is the commercial undertaking that maintains a "full house" and makes "good money." It is seldom that "the play's the thing" that does this. It is more often the "show," and our most frequented theaters are filled by shows.

We have been sated with comments on the extent to which the senses of the tired business man are titivated by the girl and music show. Less obvious perhaps is the nature of the appeal to what may pass for his mind. Yet it is here that the discerning eye may observe in operation the creative genius of those practical psychologists who are carrying on their experiments in the laboratory of the theater.

If the appeal to the senses through the song and dance were all that is required by the elements of human nature catered to, then the old vaudeville performance would answer the purpose. But as man, even in the state of mental dilapidation that succeeds the daily grind, is a reasoning—or more accurately, a rationalizing being—his complete satisfaction demands food for the spirit as well as for the flesh. The show therefore remains in essence

a play. It is hung upon a framework, however flimsy, of plot; and the exhibition of the human body in action, figures—however grotesquely—the operations of the human mind. Even the songs and dances are about something, be it something less than nothing. The types of human beings portrayed have some verisimilitude and stimulate emotional reactions of sympathy or antipathy, admiration or contempt, attraction or repulsion. They must above all, unless unwelcome mental effort is applied, make easily possible the identification of the auditor with the actor. What the theatergoer craves is the infantile gratification of saying to himself, like a child with eagerly stabbing finger in a picture book, "That's me." The princess Mathilde expressed what everyone feels when she confessed, "Je n'aime que les romans dont je voudrais être l' héroïne." The play is the phantasy acted by real instead of imaginary figures—the daydream come true. But as it is only the young or those confirmed in perpetual youth by the fixative of a supreme egotism who can readily picture themselves as brave and beautiful, the world of the theater can offer greater compensations for the deficiencies of the world of reality by refraining from too much idealization of the human nature that is to be pandered to.

The competent authors and actors who devote their talents to these psychological subtleties with an eye single to the emotional satisfaction of their sex, seem to overlook completely the fact that

women as well as men frequent the theater, and that they also have emotions which seek an outlet denied or limited by real life.

Passing over the obvious failure of the lips or the legs of the chorus girl in any scheme for satisfying the senses of women spectators, let us consider the types of speaking parts devised to make their appeal to mind and heart. Almost any one of a dozen comedies to be seen and heard at any one time in our metropolitan playhouses would serve as an illustration. Take for instance the one where the leading lady—a young person whose face, figure, voice, and clothes make her the cynosure of every masculine eye—evidences a total indifference to the suit of an entrancing French aviator, equipped with a smart outfit, a glorious physique, a fascinating manner, a melodious voice, an engaging accent, and apparently all the physical, and intellectual, perfections that characterize these supermen, enhanced by the mysterious charm of the Latin—a figure in short to thrill the soul of any woman. To this paragon the heroine perversely prefers a homely commonplace civilian, who offends the feminine eye in a ridiculous costume, boasts of feats that he has never performed, exhibits physical and moral cowardice and ineptitude, and is altogether insignificant and despicable. This contemptible little whippersnapper not only wins the leading lady but captivates all the pretty chorus girls, while the embodiment of every manly virtue and Gallic allurements is left stranded at the fall of the curtain without the conquest of so much as a supernumerary—on the stage.

The tired business man for whose relaxation and restoration this edifying production is designed doubtless derives ample satisfaction in the spirit and in the flesh. His senses are pleasantly titivated by the twinkling toes of a score of pretty girls, and the cravings of his soul are sated by what is dished up as the plot. Since he is himself probably possessed of insignificant personal charms, commonplace intellect, and undistinguished character, he finds it pleasing that the leading man in the comedy should be an individual of similar if not inferior type and should be preferred by the embodiment of all feminine fascination to a man who represents youth, beauty, and heroism. He is thus enabled to bask in the warm confidence that since the best is none too good for the likes of him, or for one to whom he can without undue vanity feel himself superior, this is indeed the best of all possible worlds where, even if none but the brave deserves the fair, none but the coward gets her, and where self-criticism is superfluous.

But what of the woman condemned to sit through such a representation of human psychology? To her

the capers of the chorus girls are not alluring but menacing, and the charms of the leading lady are not a stimulant but a depressant, since they discouragingly realize a degree of physical perfection to which she cannot aspire. That such a paragon of unattainable fascination as the heroine should fall in love at first sight with a man as commonplace as her own husband or lover, produces uneasy reflections as to the type of woman his type of man may so readily command, and speculations as to the effect of such an exhibition on his personal regard for her. In so far as she is able to identify herself with the beautiful lady on the stage, she finds her emotional outlet blocked by the creature's perverse preference for the inferior masculine type. Her attention strays from the caricature of manhood in the center of the stage to the real hero and prince in disguise, near the wings. Her heart cries out to the lady actress:

"Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! Have you eyes?"

Apparently ladies of the stage, when professionally engaged in the performance of man-made plays, haven't eyes; but the ladies of the audience, like the men, have eyes and also the usual outfit of normal instincts. Every ordinary masculine emotion is catered to by these girl and music shows, but what sop is thrown to the starved feminine hanger-on? This feast of unreason is for her a famine. As show girls have become more showy, leading men have become steadily more insignificant. It is no longer demanded that an actor should have even passably good looks, though beauty is indispensable to the actress. Of course women, with their larger tolerance in such matters, can love men who are not handsome, on as well as off the stage. To them the beauty that is preferred is not of the face but of the mind. But they do like a man to be manly—especially on the stage. They like to look up to men rather than down on them—on the stage. The feminine plot is King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid; the masculine, Beauty and the Beast.

It was to this sad pass, from the feminine point of view, that the theater had come when the war, the solvent as well as the compounder of human difficulties, brought on the boards plays subtly if unintentionally devised to satisfy the emotional demands of women. There began to appear the so-called "recruiting play," and before the entranced gaze of women's eyes the hitherto girl-infested stage became filled with noble specimens of manhood, handsome, well built, athletic creatures, beautifully caparisoned in khaki, navy or horizon blue—men marching, men in trenches, men going over the top

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in No Man's Land, in hospitals, invalided home, armless, legless, wounded, blinded, shell-shocked, and dying men—but men, brave men, merry men, adorable men—real men!

Look about over the audience at one of these plays when the lights go up, and when the lights are down listen to the music of the fountains of falling tears. It is a great religious revival, an orgy of feminine emotion. The only men present under forty are in uniform. Others would be uncomfortable. If the purpose of the representation was recruiting, it must have been fulfilled by means of the "indirect influence" of which so much was heard in ante-suffrage days. A careful scrutiny of the audience would indicate that the closest relation that most of those present could have to a possible recruit would be that of aunt. It is a gathering of women weeping for the men they have not got. The beautiful soldier-actor on the piano stool, a "real" soldier, recognizes what he is up against. He en-

courages the audience to join in the chorus of a trench song with a jaunty "tune up girls." The "girls" tune up, and the men's chorus on the stage gives way before the chorus girls in the orchestra.

Women have at last, thanks to the war, *per angusta ad augusta*, come into their own. It is again possible, as in Elizabethan days, to witness a play where the players are all or practically all men.

This reform in the drama should be perpetuated. Here is a permanent after-war career for large numbers of its survivors. The profession of stage hero and chorus man in reminiscent war-plays should attract those who become physically or mentally unfitted for the exactions of industrial or commercial life. The equal rights that women demand should include equality of opportunity for emotional satisfaction in the musical comedy of the future, and in the public utility or futility of the theater.

MARY VIDA CLARKE.

The Modern Point of View and the New Order

V.

THE VESTED INTERESTS

THERE ARE certain saving clauses in common use among persons who speak for that well-known order of pecuniary rights and obligations which the modern point of view assumes as "the natural state of man." Among them are these: "given the state of the industrial arts"; "other things remaining the same"; "in the long run"; "in the absence of disturbing causes." It has been the praiseworthy endeavor of the votaries of established law and custom to hold fast the good old plan on a strategic line of interpretation resting on these provisos. There have been painstaking elucidations of what is fundamental and intrinsic in the way of human institutions, of what essentially ought to be, and of what must eventually come to pass in the natural course of time and change, as it is believed to run along under the guidance of those indefeasible principles that make up the modern point of view. And the disquieting incursions of the new order have been disallowed as not being of the essence of Nature's contract with mankind, within the constituent principles of the modern point of view.

Now, as has already been remarked in an earlier paper, the state of the industrial arts has at no time continued unchanged during the modern era; consequently other things have never remained the same; and in the long run the outcome has always been shaped by the disturbing causes. All this reflects

no discredit on the economists and publicists who so have sketched out the natural run of the present and future, since their reservations have not been observed. The arguments have been as good as the premises on which they proceed, and the premises have once been good enough to command unquestioning assent, although that is now some time ago. The fault appears to lie in the unexampled shifty behavior of the latter-day facts. But however shifty, these facts, too, are as stubborn as others of their kind.

The system of free competition, self-help, equal opportunity, and free bargaining, which is contemplated by the modern point of view, assumes an industrial situation in which the work and trading of any given individual or group can go on freely by itself, without materially helping or hindering the equally untrammelled working of the rest. It has of course always been recognized that the country's industry makes up something of a connected system, so that there would necessarily be some degree of mutual adjustment and accommodation among the many self-sufficient working units which together would make up such an industrial community; but these working units have been conceived to be so nearly independent of one another that the slight measure of running adjustment

needed could be sufficiently taken care of by free competition in the market. This assumption has of course never been altogether sound, at any stage in the industrial advance; but it has at least been within speaking distance of facts so late as the eighteenth century. It was a possible method of keeping the balance in the industrial system before the coming of the machine industry. Quite evidently it commended itself to the enlightened common sense of that time as a sufficiently workable ideal—so much so that it then appeared to be the most practical solution of the industrial and social difficulties which beset that generation. It is fairly to be presumed that the plan would have been sufficiently workable if the conditions which then prevailed had continued unchanged, if other things had remained the same. That was, in effect, before the coming of the machine technology and the later growth of population.

But as it runs today, according to the new industrial order set afoot by the machine technology, the carrying-on of the community's industry is not well taken care of by the loose corrective control that is exercised by a competitive market. That method is too slow, at the best, and too disjointed; besides which, it does not work. The industrial system is now a wide-reaching organization of mechanical processes which work together on a comprehensive interlocking plan of give and take, in which no one section, group, or individual unit is free to work out its own industrial salvation except in active copartnership with the rest, and the whole of which runs on as a moving equilibrium of forces in action. This system of interlocking processes and mutually dependent working units is a more or less delicately balanced affair. Evidently the system has to be taken as a whole, and evidently it will work at its full productive capacity only on condition that the coordination of its interlocking processes be maintained at a faultless equilibrium, and only when its constituent working units are allowed to run full and smooth. But a moderate derangement will not put it out of commission. It will work at a lower efficiency, and continue running, in spite of a very considerable amount of dislocation—as is habitually the case today.

At the same time any reasonably good working efficiency of the industrial system is conditioned on a reasonably good coordination of these working forces, such as will allow each and several of the working units to carry on at the fullest working capacity that will comport with the unhampered working of the system as a balanced whole. But evidently, too, any dislocation, derangement, or re-

tardation of the work at any critical point—which comes near saying at any point—in this balanced system of work will cause a disproportionately large derangement of the whole. The working units of the industrial system are no longer independent of one another under the new order.

This state of things would reasonably suggest that the control of the industrial system had best be entrusted to men skilled in these matters. The industrial system does its work in terms of mechanical efficiency, not in terms of price. It should accordingly seem reasonable to expect that its control would be entrusted to men experienced in the ways and means of technology, men who are in the habit of thinking about these matters in such terms as are intelligible to the engineers.

However, by historical necessity the discretionary control in all that concerns this highly technological system of industry has come to vest in those persons who are highly skilled in the higgling of the market. And so great is the stability of that system of law and custom by grace of which these persons claim this power, that any disallowance of their control over the material fortunes of the community is now scarcely within reason. All the while the progressive shifting of ground in the direction of a more thoroughly mechanistic organization of industry goes on and works out into a more and more searching standardization of works and methods and a more exacting correlation of industries, in an ever increasingly large and increasingly sensitive industrial system. All the while the whole of it grows less and less manageable by business methods; and with every successive move the control exercised by the business men in charge grows wider, more arbitrary, and more inconsistent with the common good.

The businesslike manager's attention is continually more taken up with "the financial end" of the concern's interests, so that by enforced neglect he is necessarily leaving more of the details of shop management and supervision of the works to subordinates, largely to subordinates who have some knowledge of technological matters and no immediate interest in the run of the market. But the larger and final discretion, which affects the working of the industrial system as a whole, or the orderly management of any considerable group of industries within the general system—all that is still under the immediate control of the businesslike managers, each of whom works for his own concern's gain, without much afterthought. The final discretion still rests with the businesslike directorate of each concern—the owner or the board—even in all ques-

tions of physical organization and technical management, although this businesslike control of the details of production necessarily comes to little else than acceptance, rejection, or revision of measures proposed by the men immediately in charge of the works, together with a constant check on the rate and the volume of output with a view to the market.

Hence in the large mechanical industries, which set the pace for the rest and which are organized on a standardized and more or less automatic plan, the current oversight of production by their businesslike directorate does not effectually extend much beyond the regulation of the output with a view to what the traffic will bear; and in this connection there is very little that the business men in charge can do except to keep the output short of productive capacity by so much as the state of the market seems to require; it does not lie within their competency to increase the output beyond that point, or to increase the productive capacity of their works, except by way of giving the technical men permission to go ahead and do it.

The business man's place in the economy of nature is to "make money," not to produce goods. The production of goods is a mechanical process, incidental to the making of money, whereas the making of money is a pecuniary operation, carried on by bargain and sale, not by mechanical appliances and powers. The business men make use of the mechanical appliances and powers of the industrial system, but they make a pecuniary use of them. And in point of fact the less use a business man can make of the mechanical appliances and powers under his charge, and the smaller a product he can contrive to turn out for a given return in terms of price, the better it suits his purpose. The highest achievement in business is the nearest approach to getting something for nothing. What any given business concern gains must come out of the total output of productive industry, of course; and to that extent any given business concern has an interest in the continued production of goods. But the less any given business concern can contrive to give for what it gets, the more profitable its own traffic will be. Business success means "getting the best of the bargain."

The common good, so far as it is a question of material welfare, is evidently best served by an unhampered working of the industrial system at its full capacity, without interruption or dislocation. But it is equally evident that the owner or manager of any given concern or section of this industrial system may be in a position to gain something for

himself at the cost of the rest by obstructing, retarding, or dislocating this working system at some critical point in such a way as will enable him to get the best of the bargain in his dealings with the rest. This appears constantly in the altogether usual, and altogether legitimate, practice of holding out for a better price. So also in the scarcely less usual, and no less legitimate, practice of withholding needed ground or right of way, or needed materials or information, from a business rival. All these things are usual and a matter of course, because business management under the conditions created by the new order of industry is in great part made up of just these things. Indeed, sabotage of this kind is indispensable to any large success in industrial business.

However, it is well to call to mind that the community will still be able to get along, perhaps even to get along very tolerably, in spite of a very appreciable volume of sabotage of this kind—even though it does reduce the net productive capacity to a fraction of what it would be in the absence of all this interference and retardation; for the current state of the industrial arts is highly productive. So much so that in spite of all this deliberate waste and confusion that is set afoot in this way for private gain, there still is left over an absolutely large residue of net production over cost. The community still has something to go on. The available margin of free income—that is to say, the margin of production over cost—is still wide, so that it allows a large latitude for playing fast and loose with the community's livelihood.

Now these businesslike maneuvers of deviation and delay are by no means to be denounced as being iniquitous or unfair, although they may have an unfortunate effect on the conditions of life for the common man. That is his misfortune, which law and custom count on his bearing with becoming fortitude. These are the ordinary and approved means of carrying on business according to the liberal principles of free bargain and self-help; and they are in the main still looked on as a meritorious exercise of thrift and sagacity—duly so looked on, it is to be presumed. At least such is the prevailing view among the substantial citizens, who are in a position to speak from first-hand knowledge. It is only that the exercise of these homely virtues on the large scale on which business is now conducted, and when dealing with the wide-reaching articulations of the industrial system under the new order of technology—under these uncalled-for circumstances the unguarded exercise of these virtues entails business disturbances which are necessarily large, and

which bring on mischievous consequences in industry which are disproportionately larger still. In case these maneuvers of businesslike deviation and defeat are successful and fall into an orderly system whose operation may be continued at will, or in so far as this management creates an assured strategic advantage for any given business concern, the result is a vested interest. This may then eventually be capitalized in due form, as a body of intangible assets. As such it goes to augment the business community's accumulated wealth. And the country is richer per capita.

A vested interest is a marketable right to get something for nothing. This does not mean that the vested interests cost nothing. They may even come high. Particularly may their cost seem high if the cost to the community is taken into account, as well as the expenditure incurred by their owners for their production and upkeep. Vested interests are immaterial wealth, intangible assets. As regards their nature and origin, they are the outgrowth of three main lines of businesslike management: (a) limitation of supply, with a view to profitable sales; (b) obstruction of traffic, with a view to profitable sales; and (c) meretricious publicity, with a view to profitable sales. It will be remarked that these are matters of business, in the strict sense. They are devices of salesmanship, not of workmanship; they are ways and means of driving a bargain, not ways and means of producing goods or services. The residue which stands over as a product of these endeavors is in the nature of an intangible asset, an article of immaterial wealth, not an increase of the tangible equipment or the material resources in hand. The enterprising owners of the concern may be richer by that much, and so perhaps may the business community as a whole—though that is a precariously dubious point—but the community at large is certainly no better off in any material respect.

This account of course assumes that all this business is conducted strictly within the lines of commercial honesty. It would only be tedious and misleading to follow up and take account of that scattering recourse to force or fraud that will never wholly be got rid of in the pursuit of gain, whether by way of business traffic or by more direct methods. Commercial honesty, of course, is the honesty of self-help, or *caveat emptor*, which is Latin for the same thing.

Roughly, any business concern which so comes in for a habitual run of free income comes to have a vested right in this "income stream," and this preferred standing of the concern in this respect is

recognized by calling such a concern a "vested interest" or a "special interest." Free income of this kind, not otherwise accounted for, may be capitalized if it promises to continue, and it can then be entered on the books as an item of immaterial wealth, a prospective source of gain. So long as it has not been embodied in a marketable legal instrument, any such item of intangible assets will be nothing more than a method of notation, a book-keepers' expedient. But it can readily be covered with some form of corporation security, as, for instance, preferred stock or bonds, and it then becomes an asset in due standing and a vested interest endowed with legal tenure.

Ordinarily any reasonably uniform and permanent run of free income of this kind will be covered by an issue of corporate securities with a fixed rate of interest or dividends; whereupon the free income in question becomes a fixed overhead charge on the concern's business, to be carried as an item of ordinary and unavoidable outlay and included in the necessary cost of production of the concern's output of goods or services. But whether it is covered by an issue of vendible securities or carried in a less formal manner as a source of income not otherwise accounted for, such a vested right to get something for nothing will rightly be valued and defended against infraction from outside as a proprietary right, an item of immaterial but very substantial wealth.

There is nothing illegitimate or doubtful about this incorporation of unearned income into the ordinary costs of production on which "reasonable profits" are computed. "The law allows it and the court awards it." To indicate how utterly congruous it all is with the new order of business enterprise, it may be called to mind that not only do the captains of corporation finance habitually handle the matter in that way, but the same view is accepted by those public authorities who are called in to review and regulate the traffic of these business concerns. The later findings are apparently unequivocal, to the effect that when once a run of free income has been capitalized and docketed as an asset it becomes a legitimate overhead charge, and it is then justly to be counted among necessary costs and covered by the price which consumers should reasonably pay for the concern's offering of goods or services.

Such a finding has come to be a fairly well settled matter-of-course both among officials and among the law-abiding investors, so far as regards those intangible assets that are covered by vendible securities carrying a fixed rate; and the logic of this finding

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is doubtless sound according to the principles of the modern point of view. There may still be a doubt or a question whether valuable perquisites of the same nature, which continue to be held loosely as an informal vested interest, as, for instance, merchantable good-will, are similarly entitled to the benefit of the common law which secures any owner in the usufruct of his property. To such effect have commonly been the findings of courts and boards of inquiry, of Public Utility Commissions, of such bodies as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and latterly of divers recently installed agencies for the control of prices and output in behalf of the public interest—so, for instance, right lately, certain decisions and recommendations made by the War Labor Board.

Any person with a taste for curiosities of human behavior might well pursue this question of capitalized free income into its further convolutions, and might find reasonable entertainment in so doing. The topic also has merits as a subject for economic theory. But for the present argument it may suffice to note that this free income and the businesslike contrivances by which it is made secure and legitimate are of the essence of this new order of business enterprise; that the abiding incentive to such enterprise lies in this unearned income; and that the intangible assets which are framed to cover this line of "earnings," therefore, constitute the substantial core of corporate capital under the new order. In passing it may also be noted that there is room for a division of sentiment as regards this disposal of the community's net production, and that peremptory questions of class interest and public policy touching these matters may presently be due to come to a hearing.

To some, this manner of presenting the case may seem unfamiliar, and it may therefore be to the purpose to restate the upshot of this account in the briefest fashion: Capital—at least under the new order of business enterprise—is capitalized prospective gain. From this arises one of the singularities of the current situation in business and its control of industry, namely, that the total face value, or even the total market value of the vendible securities which cover any given block of industrial equipment and material resources, and which give title to their ownership, always and greatly exceeds the total market value of the equipment and resources to which the securities give title of ownership, and to which alone in the last resort they do give title. The margin by which the capitalized value of the

going concern exceeds the value of its material properties is commonly quite wide. Only in the case of small and feeble corporations, or such concerns as are balancing along the edge of bankruptcy, does this margin of intangible values narrow down and tend to disappear. Any industrial business concern which does not enjoy such a margin of capitalized free earning-capacity has fallen short of ordinary business success and is possessed of no vested interest.

This margin of free income which is capitalized in the value of the going concern comes out of the net product of industry over cost. It is secured by successful bargaining and an advantageous position in the market, which involves some derangement and retardation of the industrial system—so much so as greatly to reduce the net margin of production over cost. Approximately the whole of this remaining margin of free income goes to the business men in charge, or to the business concerns for whom this management is carried on. In case the free income which is gained in this way promises to continue, it presently becomes a vested right. It may then be formally capitalized as an immaterial asset having a recognized earning-capacity equal to this prospective free income. That is to say, the outcome is a capitalized claim to get something for nothing—which constitutes a vested interest. The total gains which hereby accrue to the owners of these vested rights amount to something less than the total loss suffered by the community at large through that delay of production and derangement of industry that is involved in the due exercise of these rights. In other words, and as seen from the other side, this free income which the community allows its kept classes in the way of returns on these vested rights and intangible assets is the price which the community is paying to the owners of this imponderable wealth for material damage greatly exceeding that amount. But it should be kept in mind and should be duly credited to the good intentions of these businesslike managers, that the ulterior object sought by all this management is not the one hundred per cent of mischief to the community but only the ten per cent of private gain.

So far as they bear immediately on the argument at this point the main facts are substantially as set forth. But to avoid any appearance of undue novelty, as well as to avoid the appearance of neglecting relevant facts, something more is to be said in the same connection. It is particularly to be noted that credit for certain material benefits should be given to this same business enterprise, whose chief aim

and effect is the creation of these vested rights in unearned income. It will be apparent to anyone who is at all familiar with the situation that much of the intangible assets included in the corporate capital of this country, for instance, does not represent derangement which is actually inflicted on the industrial system from day to day, but rather the price of delivery from derangement, which the businesslike managers of industry have taken measures to discontinue and disallow.

A concrete illustration will show what is intended. For some time past, and very noticeably during the past quarter century, the ownership of the country's larger industrial concerns has constantly been drawing together into larger and larger aggregations, with a more centralized control. The case of the steel industry is typical. For a considerable period, beginning in the early nineties, there went on a process of combination and recombination of corporations in this industry, resulting in larger and larger aggregations of corporate ownership. Commonly, though perhaps not invariably, some of the unprofitable duplication and work at cross-purposes that was necessarily involved in the earlier parcelment of ownership was got rid of in this way, gradually with each successive move in this concentration of ownership and control. Perhaps also, invariably, there was a substantial saving made in the aggregate volume of business dealings that would necessarily be involved in carrying on the industry by the methods of ownership in severalty. Under the management of many concerns, each intent on its own pecuniary interest, the details of business transactions would be voluminous and intricate, in the way of contracts, orders, running accounts, working arrangements, as well as the necessary financial operations, properly so called. Much of this would be obviated by taking over the ownership of these concerns into the hands of a centralized control; and there would be a consequent lessening of that delay and uncertainty that always is to be counted on wherever the industrial operations have to wait on the completion of various business arrangements. There is circumstantial evidence that very material gains in economy and expedition commonly resulted from these successive moves of consolidation in the steel business. And this discontinuance of businesslike delay and calculated maladjustment was at each successive move brought to a secure footing and capitalized in an increased issue of the negotiable corporation securities.

It will also be recalled that, as a matter of routine, each successive consolidation of ownership in-

involved a recapitalization of the concerns so brought together under a common head, and that commonly if not invariably the resulting recapitalization would be larger than the aggregate capital of the underlying corporations. Even where, as sometimes has happened, there was no increase made in the nominal capitalization, there would still result an effectual increase, in that the market value of the securities outstanding would be larger after the operation than the value of the aggregate capital of the underlying corporations had been before. There has commonly been some gain in aggregate capitalization, and the resulting increased capitalization has also commonly proved to be valid. The market value of the larger and more stable capitalization has presently proved to be larger and more stable than the capitalization of the same properties under the earlier regime of divided ownership and control. What so has been added to the aggregate capitalization has in the main been the relative absence of work at cross-purposes, which has resulted from the consolidation of ownership; and it is to be accounted a typical instance of intangible assets. The new and larger capitalization has commonly made good; and this is particularly true for those later, larger, and more conclusive recombinations of corporate ownership with which the so-called era of trust making in the steel business came to a provisional conclusion. The United States Steel Corporation has vindicated the wisdom of an unreserved advance on lines of consolidation and recapitalization in the financing of the large and technical industries.

For reasons well understood by those who are acquainted with these things, no one can offer a confident estimate, or even a particularly intelligent opinion, as to the aggregate amount of overhead burden and intangible assets which has been written into the corporate capital of the steel business in the course of a few years of consolidation. For reasons of depreciation, disuse, replacement, extension, renewal, changes in market conditions and in technical requirements the case is too intricate to admit anything like a clear-cut identification of the immaterial items included in the capitalization. But there is no chance to doubt that in the aggregate these immaterial items foot up to a very formidable proportion of the total capital.

It is evident that the businesslike management of industry under these conditions need not involve derangement and cross-purposes at every turn. It should always be likely that the business men in charge will find it to their profit to combine forces, eliminate wasteful traffic, allow a reasonably free

and economical working of the country's productive powers within the limits of a profitable price, and so come in for a larger total of free income to be divided amicably among themselves on a concerted plan. This can be done by means of a combination of ownership, such as the corporations of the present time. But there is a difficulty of principle involved in this use of incorporation as a method of combining forces. Such a consolidation of ownership and control on a large scale appears to be, in effect, a combination of forces against the rest of the community or in contravention of the principles of free competition. In effect it foots up to the same thing as a combination in restraint of trade; in form it is a concentration of ownership. Combination of owners in restraint of trade is obnoxious to the liberal principles of free bargaining and self-help; consolidation of ownership by purchase or incorporation appears to be a reasonable exercise of the right of free bargaining and self-help. There is accordingly some chance of a difference of opinion at this point and some risk of playing fast and loose with these liberal principles that disallow conspiracy in restraint of trade. This difficulty of principle has been sought to be got over by believing that a combination of ownership in restraint of trade does not amount to a conspiracy in restraint of trade, within the purport of these liberal principles. There is a great and pressing need of such a construction of principles, which would greatly facilitate the work of corporation finance; but it is to be admitted that some slight cloud still rests on this manner of disposing of ownership. It involves abdication or delegation of that discretionary exercise of property rights which has been held to be of the essence of ownership.

The new state of things brought about by such a consolidation is capitalized as a permanent source of free income. And if it proves to be a sound business proposition the new capitalization will measure the increase of income which goes to its promoter or to the corporation in whose name the move has been made; and if the work is well and neatly done no one else will get any gain from it or be in any way benefited by the arrangement. It is a business proposition, not a fanciful project of public utility. The capitalized value of such a coalition of ownership is not measured by any heightened production or any retrenchment of waste that may come in its train, nor need the new move bring any addition to the community's net productive resources in any respect. Indeed, it happens not infrequently that such a waste-conserving coalition of ownership leads

directly to a restriction of output, according to the familiar run of monopoly rule. So frequently will restriction, enhanced prices, unemployment, and hardship follow in such a case that it has come to be an article of popular knowledge and belief that this is the logical aim and outcome of any successful maneuver of the kind.

So also, though its output of marketable goods or services may be got on easier terms, the new and larger business concern which results from the coalition need be no more open-handed or humane in its dealings with its workmen. There will, in fact, be some provocation to the contrary. A more powerful corporation is in a position to make its own terms with greater freedom, which it then is for the workmen to take or leave, but ordinarily to take, for the universal rule of businesslike management—to charge what the traffic will bear—continues to hold unbroken for any business concern, irrespective of its size or its facilities. As has already been noted in an earlier passage, charging what the traffic will bear is the same as charging what will yield the largest net profit.

There stand over two main questions touching the nature and uses of these vested interests: Why do not these powerful business concerns exercise their autocratic powers to drive the industrial system at its full productive capacity, seeing that they are in a position to claim any increase of net production over cost? and, What use is made of the free income which goes to them as the perquisite of their vested interest? The answer to the former question is to be found in the fact that the great business concerns as well as the smaller ones are all bound by the limitations of the price system, which holds them to the pursuit of a profitable price, not to the pursuit of gain in terms of material goods. Their vested rights are for the most part carried as an overhead charge in terms of price and have to be met in those terms, which will not allow an increase of net production regardless of price. The latter question will find its answer in the well-known formula of the economists, that "human wants are indefinitely extensible," particularly as regards the consumption of superfluities. The free income which is capitalized in the intangible assets of the vested interests goes to support the well-to-do investors, who are for this reason called the kept classes, and whose keep consists in an indefinitely extensible consumption of superfluities.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

An Apostle to the Civilized

SELDOM HAS the sacrament of nature's beauty been more fittingly celebrated than in the life and works of W. H. Hudson. From his childhood in the Argentine, when his mother, anxious at his staring fixedly in the air, stole after him only to find him rapt with absorption in birds overhead, to the time and long after when he wrote *A Crystal Age* and *Green Mansions*—more vivid creations than those of Bernardin de St. Pierre and Rousseau—he has been responsive to those moments in life when "nature draws near to it, and, taking up her neglected instrument, plays a fragment of some ancient melody, long unheard on the earth." Attuned as only savages are attuned to the soundless, wordless, unthought harmonies of desolate plain, flowers, and living creatures, this scientist, poet, artist has been able to resurrect from their grave in civilization moods and states of being which men find well-nigh incommunicable. To his bird-watching and his learned observation he brought the passionate attention of a child, the selflessness of an instinctive man whose brain is "a highly polished mirror, in which all visible nature—every hill, tree, leaf—is reflected with miraculous clearness," and the endowment of a creator.

Akin as he is in spirit to other faithful observers of the wonder of the world (he refers to the Argentinian pampas as his "parish of Selborne" and he lived, he tells us, in the house in which Richard Jefferies died) he has yet brought something significant and new into science and literature. Readers of his works have felt its presence. They have felt not only that here was a man penetrated with beauty, intoxicated with life, but that there was also present in him the child, alien to our civilization, wise and critical. Simple and patient in his observations as Fabre (there is a chapter on spiders in *The Naturalist in La Plata* which has few if any peers) he possesses an added quality of imagination. It is the mythology of the child mind and its animism, sublimated and fused with that delicacy of sense perceptions which distinguishes him.

It is fortunate that this magnificent childhood, as Mr. Hudson has displayed it in his writings, should have its autobiography in *Far Away and Long Ago* (Dutton; \$2.50). For the child, the savage, and the artist are one, and to the civilization they appraise they impart a quality of strangeness. That civilization is calculated to crush out just such spirits as those of Hudson, to rob them of their sensitivity, to market their fancies, and to extinguish

what for them is most significant and beautiful. In Hudson's autobiography, which he tells us is ended at the age of fifteen, there is concentrated the thing of which he has given many intimations in earlier works—the child mind and the sense of beauty, two powers which will yet some day destroy industrialism. Another volume, *A Little Boy Lost*, which is published in this country just now (Knopf; \$1.50), is to be taken in the same sense. Although it is for children, it is less a book written at them or to them than a ransacking of the author's treasure house for their delectation.

Averse as Hudson had been to writing an autobiography—for the reason that incidents of his boyhood were related in chapters of *The Naturalist in La Plata*, *Adventures Among Birds*, *Birds and Man*, and other works; for the reason also that he felt the difficulty in other autobiographies of childhood of the "unconscious artistry" which would "sneak in to erase unseemly lines and blots, to retouch, and colour, and shade and falsify the picture"—yet he could not resist the illness which put him in a state where he could review the entire sunlit prospect of his youth. It is with Serge Aksakoff, author of the *History of His Childhood*, that Hudson finds himself comparable, because Aksakoff's "intense love of his mother, of nature, of all wildness and of sport . . . kept him a boy in heart, able after long years to revive the past mentally and picture it in its true, fresh, original colours."

And I can say of myself with regard to this primitive faculty and emotion—this sense of the supernatural in natural things as I have called it—that I am on safe ground for the same reason; the feeling has never been wholly outlived. And I will add probably to the disgust of some rigidly orthodox reader that these are childish things which I have no desire to put away.

Essentially Hudson is a nature-worshiper. His wild heresy began with the religion that his beloved mother taught him. He believed implicitly what she told him about the Supreme Being, but nevertheless:

these teachings did not touch my heart as it was touched and thrilled by something nearer, more intimate, in nature, not only in moonlit trees or in a flower or serpent, but in certain exquisite moments and moods and in certain aspects of nature, in "every grass" and in all things animate and inanimate.

He speaks of the feeling he had on moonlit nights that a tree seemed "more intensely alive than others, more conscious of my presence and watchful of me." This faculty he acclaimed even then as more to him

than all the religious teaching he received from his mother, and it always seemed to him essentially religious in character. For one so perfectly responsive to the moods of his environment and therefore to the slightest expressiveness of incident or person about him, life could not fail to be filled with parables, living parables instinct with the realities he perceived through his senses and felt about him. One such parable in his life was the incident of the serpent discovered lying in a path and almost trodden upon:

One of the men, the first to find a stick or perhaps the most courageous, rushed to the front and was about to deal a killing blow when his arm was seized by one of the ladies and the blow arrested. Then, stooping quickly, she took the creature up in her hands, and going away to some distance from the others, released it in the long green grass, green in color as its glittering skin and as cool to the touch.

He saw her then "coming back to us through the orchard trees, her face shining with joy because she had rescued the reptile from imminent death," and his young mind was troubled with the question why she was so innocently glad.

Nevertheless, I think that this incident bore fruit later, and taught me to consider whether it might not be better to spare than to kill; better not only for the animal spared, but for the soul.

A corollary, or perhaps the essence itself, of Hudson's deep feeling for the being of all life is reverence for all living things. He has given voice to it in his lament over the extinction of the wildest and most beautiful creatures of the earth, of incomparably greater value to mankind in his eyes than the finest of pictures or marbles. Hear him in *Idle Days in Patagonia*, telling of Nature's masterpieces which we should hold sacred:

In ancient times the spirit of life shone brightest in these; and when others that shared the earth with them were taken by death they were left, being more worthy of perpetuation. Like immortal flowers they have drifted down to us on the ocean of time, and their strangeness and beauty bring to our imaginations a dream and a picture of that unknown world, immeasurably far removed, where man was not: and when they perish, something of gladness goes out of nature, and the sunshine loses something of its brightness.

In *A Shepherd's Life* he displays the same feeling for the bare quietude of the downs. They too gave him a "sense of man's harmony and oneness with nature":

This quiet spot in Wiltshire has been inhabited from of old, how far back the barrows raised by an ancient, barbarous people are there to tell us, and to show us how long it is possible for the race of men, in all stages of culture, to exist on the earth without spoiling it.

That feeling, deep-rooted in his youth, is illumined

by his confession of preference in literature for the works of Vaughan, Traherne, and other mystics; for it is only in them "that I find any adequate expression of that perpetual rapturous delight in nature and my own existence which I experienced at that period." Tolstoy, we are told at another point, is his favorite author.

Carrying within him this deep spiritual and emotional impress of what he had seen and experienced, it was impossible for Hudson to approach the simplest of observed facts perfunctorily. One is tempted to quote almost at random from his books, now nearly a score, to display the new-minted quality which his words bear, fresh from the allocation he has given them in the context of his consciousness. There comes to mind that extraordinary chapter in *Idle Days in Patagonia—Concerning Eyes*, which begins:

White, crimson, emerald green, shining golden yellow, are amongst the colors seen in the eyes of birds. In owls, herons, cormorants, and many other tribes, the brightly-tinted eye is incomparably the finest feature and chief glory.

One remembers his furious Magellanic eagle owl, wounded to the death, whose

irides were of a bright orange color, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of glimmering yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air.

And there crowd into the memory of a reader of Hudson old gauchos of the pampas, whose lives held more of the fierce and romantic than the finest picaresque hero of Spanish narrative; scenes from the soul of wit, as where a "Crownier's inquest is held on the remains of a Saxon or Dane or an ancient Briton," dug up by a rabbit; pages of bird and animal lore, passages where in magical prose the very hush of outdoor silence seems captured and impregnated in the printed page.

The stage is set in *Far Away and Long Ago*. The curtain is about to rise. The book is prelude and performance in one, the urgency of feeling rewon fused with mellow reflection. Of that intensity in *Green Mansions* of which John Galsworthy said it immortalized "as passionate a love of all beautiful things as ever was in the heart of man," as well as of the keen-sensed sharp observer, there is here rich expression. One partakes with the author the gusto of the boyhood lesson (learned after trying to capture doves by putting salt on their tails) that one could only distinguish between real lies and lies that were not lies by "not being a fool."

Quite outside and beyond its revelation anew, and in more sustained light; of the naturalist and the cre-

ator of prose music, *Far Away and Long Ago* is a picture of an elapsed age and of people in that age who passed with it. Don Eusebio, fool of the Dictator of Argentina, stalks through the streets of Buenos Aires clad in scarlet, with scarlet plumes, and attended by a bodyguard of twelve soldiers with drawn swords. The War Minister's major-domo on a neighboring estancia sends armfuls of peacock feathers to the Hudson family to decorate their house. Don Gregorio, to whom a piebald horse is dearer than precious stones, rides to the race meeting conscious that all eyes are upon him and his steed with its jeweled trappings. Barboza, singer of songs, who killed men for the fame it gave him among the gauchos as a fighter with the knife, sings on at a cattle-marking indifferent to the insulting jibes of Marcos, called *El Rengo* by reason of his lameness, because it could add nothing to one's glory to kill a cripple. Then there is a vivid interlude of the fall of the dictator Rosas, when the dull roar of distant guns came to the ears of the Hudson family and they were told a great battle was being fought between Rosas, with his army of 25,000 men, and the traitor Urquiza with his 40,000. With the utmost rapidity and clearness of image scene after scene is visualized: horsemen in flight, galloping up to the door demanding fresh mounts; the cool smiling demeanor of his father, who went out to parley with the threatening fugitives; a young officer's attempt to escape and the swift death that overtook him.

Here, as elsewhere in his autobiography, Hudson is master of a cadence of narrative comparable only perhaps to that of Joseph Conrad, who can as nearly as any writer living annihilate space and time, enclose past and present, swift incident and the slow revelation of personality, in the crystal of his mind, until the narrative glows and vibrates. Nowhere perhaps is the easy accumulation in Hudson's telling more striking than where he comments on the similarity of voice he and his elder brother had inherited from their father. On one of his visits to Buenos Aires he remembers that voice brought him recognition by Jack the Killer, desperado and hero, who lay ill in a stable. It is made the occasion of a famous story of Jack the Killer's fighting history. And it is made the prelude to an exploration of his brother's character, to a story of that brother's insistence on fighting with real knives in order to cultivate the heroic gesture and skill, and finally to an appraisal of its ultimate effect on the relationship of the two boys.

In the scene of Hudson's youth—"a flatland, its

horizon a perfect ring of misty blue color where the crystal-blue dome of the sky rests on the level green world"—may be found all the pageantry and the portraiture possible to narrative of the unfamiliar, history almost, but more eagerly lived than by any historian. There is indescribable feeling, close to tragedy, in some of the clear pictures of human beings. For instance, the Negroid daughter of a neighbor, Cipriana by name, "an imposing woman, her eyes sparkling with intense fire and passion, who, despite her coarse features and dark skin, had a kind of strange wild beauty which attracted men." Hudson saw her once, in a white dress, galloping on a big bay horse, her gaucho lover leading the way. He speaks of the pain of seeing her again, sitting at evening with her eyes fixed on the dusty road, moving her lips as she spoke softly to herself in a sort of dream. Best perhaps are the passages where he has described humanity in unexpected places, humanity that he surprised into revealing itself. At one point he has been listening to the field finches of the pampas: "It is as if hundreds of fairy minstrels were all playing on stringed and wind instruments of various forms, every one intent on his own performance without regard to the others." And then he turns to an old carpenter on the estate, known for his slowness and stolidity as the "Cumberland boor." The man is standing with a look on his face like that "on the face of a religious mystic in a moment of exaltation." Again, Hudson's quality is clearly envisaged in the enlightenment on the torturing problem of life after death which he found in conversation with an old rough gaucho, primitive and vigorous. It is a problem which had first confronted Hudson as a little boy, when he had taken it to his mother and derived temporary comfort from her assurance that the soul survived even though the body was lowered into the earth and decayed. Protestant young boy and Catholic gaucho became for a moment one inquiring mind with opposed forces in itself. And then the gaucho told how he came to unbelief; how at the age of fourteen he was deprived by death of his mother and cried for her every night to come back to him, until he became convinced when she vouchsafed no reply that there was no immortality. "His story," says Hudson, "pierced me to the heart, and without another word I left him."

That was only one incident in Hudson's spiritual history; his struggle went on "all on the old lines," he tells us, for he had no modern books. It is true enough, as he says, that thousands and millions of men have undergone similar experiences; but his

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own are of special significance for us because, with a minimum of indoctrination from any civilized environment, they are so intensely lived at every moment. That is one of the keys to Hudson's significance. Thought is never with him an escape from reality: it is the overtone of his life of the senses. He has lived daringly, and the poor assumptions with which civilization covers its poverty of life and imagination are assumptions to him and nothing more. Perhaps no less dogmatic naturalist and writer ever lived. The gaucho with blood on his hands, wild creatures, nature he has observed and lived with irrespective of their accordance with the false maxims or delicacies by which the vast majority of civilized people have been bound. In the preface to the second edition of *A Crystal Age* he said explicitly how fully he had learned and how deeply he had come to know that strife was nature's price upon life. It is not therefore in any sentimental vein that Hudson abhors bloodshed. He has been able to look on while cattle were being killed in the brutal way in which gauchos kill them on the pampas and in the killing-grounds outside Buenos Aires, where the earth is inches deep with clotted dust and blood. If he abhors bloodshed, cruelty, indifference, hatred, it is because he has seen them in purer form than anyone else, has felt their iron in his own soul. And it is in perfect naturalness and in perfect accord with his instinctive life that he has formulated or written in unformulated fashion his criticism of the existence to which men are condemned who live in industrial centers. It is

an existence in which the senses are starved, in which the imagination is cramped and repressed, in which all impulses are subordinated to the rewards of acquisitiveness, in which even thought moves behind high walls and beauty is almost as completely shut out as is sunlight.

Distinctly, this apostle of beauty to an indifferent world is dangerous in the sense that Bertrand Russell had in mind when he said thought was dangerous and subversive. He is dangerous because he possesses a power, which he can communicate, more potent than any doctrine which can be learned by rote and declaimed, more potent than program or organization. It is the sense of beauty and fitness in the individual soul, the sense of community with all nature and all living beings; and it is inseparable from a feeling for their dignity and loveliness. Perhaps there will never be such a "Savonarola bonfire" as that imagined in *A Crystal Age*, in which

most of the things once valued have been consumed to ashes—politics, religions, systems of philosophy, isms and ologies of all descriptions; schools, churches, prisons, poorhouses; stimulants and tobacco; kings and parliaments; cannon with its hostile roar, and pianos that thundered peacefully; history, the press, vice, political economy, money, and a million things more.

But such minds as Hudson's give these things their proper valuation. His sense of beauty, his childlike quality, are the ultimate foes to oppression, ugliness, waste. One has the feeling in reading W. H. Hudson that here is a gorgeous and delicate plant whose slender growth may rend masonry and tear massive stone from stone.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

The Hire Learning in America

ALTHOUGH no mortal of common clay and ordinary wit could do justice to Mr. Thorstein Veblen's *The Higher Learning in America: A Memorandum on the Conduct of Universities by Business Men* (Huebsch; \$1.60) within the compass of a brief book review, it is a comparatively simple matter to state the thesis which it sustains: there is in every society a body of esoteric knowledge, guarded by specialists in the subject—medicine men, shamans, priests, savants, scholars, scientists; "the higher learning" is such a body of knowledge and universities are the appointed keepers; the direction of the universities in American society has fallen into the hands of business men of large material possessions, who by the stress of their intensive preoccupations are driven to measure all things by quantitative rather than qualitative standards—size, number, extent, weight, vendibility, and so on; as the parasite takes

on, all unconsciously or perhaps protestingly, the color of the host, so the heads—presidents, deans, provosts, supervisors, registrars, secretaries, official bellmen, and "successful" professors—take on the modes of thought and the standards of judgment as to worthiness and worth which are cherished by the directing body from which the main source of economic sustentation is derived; finally, the higher learning is of the spirit—unseen, immeasurable, imponderable, and invincible; hence the antithesis and the problem.

From the preface it appears that this work was written, in the main at least, many years ago at a favorable point of vantage, the University of Chicago under President Harper, but remained unpublished for fear that the public might read into a purely detached and scientific study a personal strain, and thus vitiate the sedative and informing effect of a

contribution to educational analysis. The author was wise in his restraint, for in the intervening years what appeared to be an isolated pecuniary phenomenon in the world of learning has become universal—except in some of the side pools along the main current where theological bias or pique has encompassed learning with a protective shelter against the purely pecunious. Everywhere

that power of aspiration that once surged full and hot in the cults of faith, fashion, sentiment, exploit, and honor now at its best comes to such a head as it may in the concerted adulation of matter-of-fact.

So things stood, at least, on the eve of America's entrance into the war, and those who looked with distress upon the uniformity of American interest in measurable vendibility may take hope in the thought that concern with the glories, honors, and sacrifices of war may act as a salutary check upon the drift toward the "mechanistically effectually matter-of-fact." The recent allocation of colleges to a very useful position in the scheme of military things may result in a somewhat rude treatment of the purely pecunious by gentlemen of military traditions and honor. To be plain, military standards may supplant those of the business college. It will be recalled by the well-versed student of American government that the construction work supervised by engineers detailed from the United States army stands in marked contrast (owing to the absence of corruption) to similar construction enterprises, such as the first subways in New York, managed by bankers and financiers. Our immediate choice appears to be between the measurements of dollars and cents and those of military honor.

To return. It must not be thought that Mr. Veblen is making a plea for an entirely cultural and non-utilitarian learning. He does not object to measurements by standards of serviceability for human use in the long and larger sense, but to the business man's conquest over the eternal interest of high minds in widening the domain of knowledge by free and independent inquiry, unbought and fearless. He sees the paraphernalia of the business college submerging the spirit of learning. He sees men who might have contributed to enlargement of life drawn away from the essence of things by the allurements of pomp, circumstance, advertising, and high salaries which business men are accustomed to award to efficiency engineers, heads, managers, presidents, deans, and stimulators of production in general, to say nothing of accomplished shoo-flies. He finds that the records and filing systems of well conducted business concerns tend to become the central concerns of college management, and that the term,

course, time-clock, and unit system, necessary enough in high schools and colleges, occupy also the citadel of the university—the guardian of the higher learning. Well-meaning educators struggle against it in vain as drowning men fight the foaming currents that overwhelm them at last. When men are caught in the perplexing net of expediency, the instant need of the things drives out all slowly maturing, far looking, and deeply spiritual considerations. No one is to be blamed for being conquered by his environment. He always has the alternative however of changing his environment by migration.

There are any number of side eddies in Mr. Veblen's main stream. He has found by experience that some universities are in fact managed by a mere fraction of the board of trustees, who take an active interest in the enterprise, and that in the allocation of available funds they frequently apply those canons of pecuniary honor which are to be found in many historic business undertakings, such, for example, as the *Crédit Mobilier*. Perhaps some Henry VIII who has the historic mission of dissolving established corporations of learning may care to have the financial records of institutions enjoying exemption from taxation made the subject of expert inquiry by accountants of the new order. It will be a matter of no little edification to the loyal alumni who make financial sacrifices for their alma mater to learn that the cost of maintaining the "establishment" of their president (to say nothing of the retinue of deans and statistical shamans) has been quite as much as the unit cost of instructing the freshman and sophomore classes. Mr. Veblen's comments on academic buildings and material equipment will be read with surprise by those who do not know that college structures are not infrequently erected by architects and engineers wholly ignorant of any of the purposes and intents of the higher learning, and quite prepared to sacrifice light, comfort, and the ease of the inhabitants to the considerations of fenestration and ostentatious industrial arts. Mr. Veblen is also pertinent when he notes the willingness of the once devotionally religious institutions of learning to wink at the theological unconventionality of instructors, providing their political economy is of the immediate matter-of-fact. The subject of dismissal from seats of "learning" is touched by our author with much precision. Unfortunate newspaper notoriety, deserved or undeserved, unconventional religious or political views, unsound economic doctrines, an unprosperous marriage, or domestic infelicity is usually found in every case of discharge from academic trust; but Mr. Veblen is generously correct toward college authorities when he states that

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where action has been taken by the directorate on provocation of such circumstances, it is commonly done with the (unofficial) admission that such action is not taken on the substantial merits of the case but on compulsion of circumstances and the exigencies of advertising.

If to this is added the effect of directoral jealousy, pique, and personal dislike, the point is fairly made. An illustration of Mr. Veblen's theory is found in the case of a very distinguished scholar who was dismissed from a large institution of "the higher learning" ostensibly on the ground of an unfortunate amorous excursion, but as a matter of fact such excursions were widely advertised among his colleagues and known to the directorate many years previous to his expulsion, and it was only when they became a subject of animadversion by the sensational press that the directoral "guardians of the morals of the youth committed to their care" forcibly severed connections with the culprit. This is an illustration of the insoluble paradox of life for which our fathers could find only the solution of original sin, while those of coldly detached and scientific disposition are forced to withhold scholarly judgment at this stage of mental development. Nevertheless when all is said and done Mr. Veblen has generous hopes, for he says:

Whatever expedients of decorative real estate, spectacular pageantry, bureaucratic magnificence, elusive statistics, vocational training, genteel solemnities, and sweatshop instruction may be imposed by the exigencies of a competitive business policy, the university is after all a seat of learning devoted to the cult of the idle curiosity—otherwise called the scientific spirit.

By way of obiter dicta he holds that the academic trust may be dissolved, the captain of erudition usefully employed in other (truly gainful) occupations, boards of trustees abolished or reduced to a vacantly perfunctory status, self-government granted to the real guardians of higher learning, the teachers, and a return made to the ancient and honorable communion between teacher and student "that once made the American college, with all its handicap of poverty, chauvinism, and denominational bias, one of the most effective agencies of scholarship in Christendom."

Unhappily the present reviewer cannot share the cool optimism of the author or accept even the desirability of such a plan of affairs if universally adopted. Economic sustentation is essential to the modern shaman of learning, and a decent regard for the amenities of life requires that the standard should be at least reasonably worthy. Such support must come from one of two sources, from persons possessed of worldly goods—business men, financiers, bankers, successful merchants and manufacturers—or from public taxation laid by legislatures. It is not to be presumed that either the capitalists

who endow or the people who tax themselves will be willing to grant money freely and at the same time surrender control. That would be an act of faith contrary to normal expectations in a capitalistic or democratic world. If the Espionage Act does not forbid, it may be ventured that "the higher learning" is too fragile a plant to be entrusted to the tender mercies of the board of aldermen. There is really more to be gained from a busy and heavily preoccupied benevolent despot. Moreover if the shamans of learning should be freely granted a pecuniary underwriting without any obligation expressed or tacit, the experience of mankind with cults would seem to indicate that it would shortly become necessary to pry open the independent, self-governing bodies in charge of the esoteric word and let in a little common sense of the earth earthy, springing without effort and without guile from the living wells of human experience, so deep that the straining eye of science cannot fathom them nor the mind of man find the secret of the healing that comes out of them.

Nevertheless in the pluralistic economy of providence there may be many things, and one or more of them may be self-governing colleges devoted not to teaching but to learning, financed by a few willing to cast their bread upon the waters, and dedicated not to the dispensation of knowledge but the pursuit of wisdom. Why not? The modern theory of evolution has a place for the "sport" and ascribes to it immense potentiality.

But let us press the matter a bit further. Let us imagine that a few possessors of great wealth, of genial disposition, and unusual experimental interest should bestow upon the self-governing faculty a goodly block of Baltimore and Ohio Gold 4's and step aside, renouncing all claim and all concern. Then suppose that a changing industrial democracy should be about to embark upon a policy that spelled confiscation or a scheme of taxation that would wipe out one-half, or more, of the income received by the autonomous body engaged in the pursuit of the higher learning, could that democracy expect a cold and passionless judgment from the professor of political economy? And if his judgment should be in favor of the policy which spelled a curtailment of funds, would he find joyful countenances greeting him on entering the council chamber of the many headed directorate?

Ultimate solution: all things are relative and matters of degree, and blessed are those who discover it early enough in life to prepare themselves for a sweet and dignified old age.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Morals and Art from the West

THE AMERICAN NOVEL, in the hands of a faithful practitioner like Mr. William Allen White, goes right on documenting with all the incident and emphasis of which it is capable the eternal truth that sin is evil. On the 614th page Mr. White no longer makes any bones of his purpose—to show “how sad a thing it is to sit in the seat of the scornful and deny the reality of God’s purpose in the world.” In hundreds of thousands of words, on a canvas that embraces the life of a mid-Western community from pioneer days to the industrial present, he draws in terms that would be understandable by the veriest moral moron the corruption that may exist in the heart of a fool (Macmillan; \$1.60). We live today in a world of great personal variety; the obscurities of people’s souls provide an endless interest to the young novelist, who no longer ties life down to formulas or runs character into conventional molds. Yet Mr. White pursues with unquenched thirst and unabated vigor, the old themes which have come to have for the American mind almost the same classic significance that Harlequin and Pierrot had for the marionette stage. Harlequin is the gay young professional man, with a weakness for women and a carelessness about their happiness. Hard, unscrupulous, daring, he climbs to a judgeship and becomes the center of a wide web of personal and social corruption. His friend has taken the swifter and more pathetic road of alcohol. For hundreds of pages the moral sense of a wide society is concentrated on these deplorable reprobates—Tom, as he slips up so incorrigibly to the judge’s bench, and Henry, as he slips downwards to the gutter. Henry is slowly rehabilitated by one of Tom’s cast-off stenographer-mistresses, and Tom’s deserted wife inevitably becomes an angel of mercy to the poor, offering to humanity the love she has been denied at home. The age-long moral types of sin and redemption walk once more the fictional stage.

But Mr. White is not content with the theme of personal morality. He wants also “to show the victory of the American spirit—the Puritan conscience—in our generation.” For this purpose he brings us Grant Adams, who is not only a rugged antithesis of the “fool,” but develops into a fanatical leader of labor, organizing a great revolt in which he is lynched, a glorious martyr. Grant’s development is worked up in the full glare of that sociological evangelism which Mr. White represents as the last stage of the Puritan conscience. There is much

complex interweaving of persons: Grant’s life is more or less an atonement for the boyish sin of having begotten a beautiful son upon the heartless but alluring girl who becomes in turn the wife of the two stock reprobates. The threads are all pulled together in the great scene where Grant, as dangerous rebel, confronts in the courtroom Tom, as Federal judge. The lecherous and venal judge, in a Pilatelike gesture, washes his hands of Grant. The labor Messiah is seized by the maddened crowd and lynched horribly on the golf-links of the neighboring country club. And so are both the personal and sociological gospels fulfilled.

The book closes with one of the abruptest turns of beatitude in all literature. After painting a long picture of community superstition and ferocity that would disgrace a Central African village—riot and hatred and atrocious murder—Mr. White takes the Great War, rubs it like an eraser over the smutched and hideous page, and lo! all is fair and clean again. “To have lived in the generation now passing, to have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord in the hearts of the people, to have watched the steady triumph in our American life of the spirit of justice, of fellowship, over the spirit of greed, to have seen the Holy Ghost rise in the spirit of a whole nation, was a blessed privilege.” It is certainly a blessed privilege to be able to see the Holy Ghost in a war which embraced the Espionage Act and all the attendant furies and intolerances of the past year. It is a blessed privilege to be able to write the appalling story of American industry and politics as Mr. White’s last chapters present it, and then pass with sweet complacency to the coming of the Lord, ostensibly now glorious in our hearts.

Mr. White has become a sort of symbol of everything intelligent, progressive, “folksy,” characteristic, in Kansas. The more I see of a mind like his the less I understand it. His novel is certainly not art; it is too purposeful to be good realism. The crowd of characters are drawn with vigor, but the city does not live. It is stagy. The book is allegory, and allegory that its author himself does not quite believe. This social evangelism of Grant Adams seems to be something that Mr. White thinks is a good thing for our country to have rather than something which he himself intensely feels. He is self-conscious about his message, and too much interested in working out the effects of personal sin

and the victory of the Puritan conscience, to ask himself whether he shows us the veracity of life. The heroism of a labor Messiah is evidently what Mr. White thinks fairest and of best repute. I suspect him of following a spiritual fashion in labor evangelism, just as in his showing the results of sinful pride he is strictly in the spiritual fashion of a bygone day. However mature, however various and intimate his outlook, Mr. White's imaginative vision of American life seems to be still set in the terms of Sunday-schoolism and melodrama. Some Freudian will one day explain why the most moral society in the world—I refer to the Middle West—requires its literature to reassure it so constantly and so hectically that sin is a sad and an abominable thing.

Let us turn aside to a novel so different that it seems impossible that it could have been written in the same year and by an American from the same part of the country as William Allen White. Willa Cather has already shown herself an artist in that beautiful story of Nebraska immigrant life, *O Pioneers!* Her digression into *The Song of the Lark* took her into a field that neither her style nor her enthusiasm really fitted her for. Now in *My Antonia* (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.60) she has returned to the Nebraska countryside with an enriched feeling and an even more golden charm of style. Here at last is an American novel, redolent of the Western prairie, that our most irritated and exacting preconceptions can be content with. It is foolish to be captious about American fiction when the same year gives us two so utterly unlike, and yet equally artistic, novels as Mr. Fuller's *On the Stairs* and Miss Cather's *My Antonia*. She is also of the brevity school, and beside William Allen White's swollen bulk she makes you realize anew how much art is suggestion and not transcription. One sentence from Miss Cather's pages is more vivid than paragraphs of Mr. White's stale brightness of conversation. The reflections she does not make upon her characters are more convincing than all his moralizing. Her purpose is neither to illustrate eternal truths nor to set before us the crowded gallery of a whole society. Yet in these simple pictures of the struggling pioneer life, of the comfortable middle classes of the bleak little towns, there is an understanding of what these people have to contend with and grope for that goes to the very heart of their lives.

Miss Cather convinces because she knows her story and carries it along with the surest touch. It has all the artistic simplicity of material that has

been patiently shaped until everything irrelevant has been scraped away. The story has a flawless tone of candor, a naive charm, that seems quite artless until we realize that no spontaneous narrative could possibly have the clean pertinence and grace which this story has. It would be cluttered, as Mr. White's novel is cluttered; it would have uneven streaks of self-consciousness, as most of the younger novelists' work, done impromptu with a mistaken ideal of "saturation," is both cluttered and self-conscious. But Miss Cather's even novel has that serenity of the story that is telling itself, of people who are living through their own spontaneous charm.

The story purports to be the memories of a successful man as he looks back over his boyhood on the Nebraska farm and in the little town. Of that boyhood Antonia was the imaginative center, the little Bohemian immigrant, his playmate and wistful sweetheart. His vision is romantic, but no more romantic than anyone would be towards so free and warm and glorious a girl. He goes to the University, and it is only twenty years later that he hears the story of her pathetic love and desertion, and her marriage to a simple Bohemian farmer, strong and good like herself.

She was a battered woman now, not a lovely girl; but she still had that something which fires the imagination, could still stop one's breath for a moment by a look or gesture that somehow revealed the meaning in common things. She had only to stand in the orchard, to put her hand on a little crab tree and look up at the apples, to make you feel the goodness of planting and tending and harvesting at last. All the strong things of her heart came out in her body, that had been so tireless in serving generous emotions. It was no wonder that her sons stood tall and straight. She was a rich mine of life, like the founders of early races.

My Antonia has the indestructible fragrance of youth: the prairie girls and the dances; the softly alluring Lena, who so unaccountably fails to go wrong; the rich flowered prairie, with its drowsy heats and stinging colds. The book, in its different way, is as fine as the Irishman Corkery's *The Threshold of Quiet*, that other recent masterpiece of wistful youth. But this story lives with the hopefulness of the West. It is poignant and beautiful, but it is not sad. Miss Cather, I think, in this book has taken herself out of the rank of provincial writers and given us something we can fairly class with the modern literary art the world over that is earnestly and richly interpreting the spirit of youth. In her work the stiff moral molds are fortunately broken, and she writes what we can wholly understand.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Dublin, November 16

AT A VITAL moment of the autumn publishing offensive in Dublin a printers' strike withheld supplies for nearly three months, with the result that we have not yet seen more than a very few of the books announced for this season. The Talbot Press, a comparatively new and very enterprising firm, whose publication of the works of Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett drew them from the relative obscurity of purely educational publishing, have increasingly compelled the attention of the public which is interested in the Irish literary movement. In a previous letter I had no occasion to refer to the publications of this firm, the books mentioned being almost exclusively those with the more familiar Maunsel imprint, and now I find myself in the same predicament, since Messrs. Maunsel alone have been able to fulfil—*planmässigt*!—their autumn announcements. However, as The Macmillan Company have arranged to publish *Essays: Irish and American*, by John Butler Yeats. R.H.A., it is not yet too late to refer to this most attractive of recent Talbot Press publications, which will shortly be available in the country which Mr. Yeats seems to have permanently adopted.

Contrary to what might have been anticipated, this artist turned author is very slightly concerned with his own art. The only chapter in the book which one would have expected to find there is a lecture delivered at the Royal Hibernian Academy by Mr. Yeats, a couple of years before his casual migration to your United States. Watts and the *Method of Art* provides the author with an opportunity for many pleasantries at the expense of our Philistines and for an ingenious defense of surely the greatest bore in modern painting, the allegorical sentimentalist, whose ponderous fancies enliven the parlors of aspiring artisans. He succeeds in this esthetic gymnastic by an appreciation of Watts the portrait painter, of whom he says all the good prompted by his own professional insight and by the undoubted qualities of the portrait painter himself, so unfortunately doubled by the elucubrador of such canvases as *Hope*. It is because Mr. Yeats is so unlike his brother artist that he is so happily dissimilar in the choice of his subjects as essayist. In a preface his friend "A. E." recalls "that enchanting flow of conversation which lightened the burden" of those who sat for Mr. Yeats. "Nature," he writes, "was wise in uniting the gift of portrait painting with the gift of conversation." That is precisely what the reader of these essays must feel, particularly any who have enjoyed the talk of this "youngest of old

men," to quote another phrase of "A. E.'s." To judge by his pictures, Watts would have discoursed to his sitters of Life and Death and Hope and Eternal Damnation. Mr. Yeats' themes are more joyful, and the best of them are elaborated in *Essays: Irish and American*. His urbane wit, which is not moved to fierceness, even in the numerous and penetrating passages wherein the Englishman is revealed, is as delightfully articulate in this volume as is the Irishman's irrepressible love of country. In the writings of this artist, as Mr. Ezra Pound once wrote, "the thought drifts up as easily as a cloud in the heavens, and as clear-cut as clouds on bright days."

Although Miss Susan Mitchell's *Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland* must have proved to closer students of the Irish literary movement that there is humor in the world of Anglo-Irish literature, there is no doubt that the modern Irish writer has the reputation of being serious. The recent appearance of a curious anthology, *Secret Springs of Dublin Song* (The Talbot Press) should help to dispel that notion. It is a collection of parodies and satires to which many of the best known writers have contributed. If the names of Lord Dunsany, "A. E.," Seumas O'Sullivan, and others do not appear in its pages, I can vouch for the presence of their efforts in a direction hitherto unsuspected by the majority of their readers. The poets are anonymous, and only the introduction by Miss Mitchell bears the writer's signature. Perhaps the reasons for this coyness will be understood if I quote the lines in which a distinguished mystic undertakes to fix the mannerism of his greatest contemporary:

I

(*Michael Robartes to His Beloved, telling her how the greatness of His Verse shall open to her the door of heaven*)

This pearl-pale poem that I have pondered o'er,
Made of a mouthful of the twilight air,
And of one dream—the falling of your hair,
Shall open for you the eternal door.

II

(*Michael Robartes in the place of the distraught struggles against the spell which binds him*)

Outworn heart, come out from her hair,
That brought upon you this lonely doom,
And bound you down in the padded room,
Away, come away, to less shadowy hair!
There are hairs that blossom on foreheads more fair:
Curls ever shining with tendrils gay,
That twine and untwine as the shadows are at play.
Away, come away, to unshadowy hair.

Life in a small literary community imposes discretion upon the authors of such pleasantries, but if the "inexpressive nuptial song," entitled To George Moore on the Occasion of His Wedding, consists of an elaborate ballade entirely in asterisks, readers of A Story-Teller's Holiday will respect the meticulous display of Celtic modesty!

Of the autumn books so far published by Maunsel the most remarkable feature is the absence of all fiction, and the predominance of political works. The Censor's blue pencil is the sword of Damocles hanging over the head of anyone who attempts to spread outside this realm the political ideas which most insistently preoccupy the mind of Ireland; and as the political and historical literature in question most accurately reflects these preoccupations, the safe and sane course is to avoid detailed reference. A weighty tome is The Economic History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, by a new worker in the field, prepared by Mrs. Stopford Green and Miss A. E. Murray. Mr. George O'Brien has attempted to do for the eighteenth century what Mrs. Green's Making of Ireland and Its Undoing did for the history of Irish economic conditions up to the end of the sixteenth century. It is an invaluable extension to the investigations of Miss Murray, whose History of the Commercial and Financial Relations Between England and Ireland is familiar to all students of the subject. Mr. O'Brien's scholarly volume is an interesting refutation of the theory, which Mr. Bernard Shaw has recently reiterated in public lectures in Dublin, that the young nationalist intellectuals are romantic dreamers unacquainted with the economics of history. Mr. Shaw's ignorance of any Ireland later than that which he abandoned thirty years ago is notorious amongst Irishmen; so it is not surprising that he should fall into an error which a knowledge of the education and ideas of the younger generation would easily dissipate. Mr. O'Brien's researches simply represent the presentation by a specialist of facts which are ever present in the minds of all educated Irish nationalists today. His book is a profound chapter in a history which makes it difficult to accept the comfortable pretense that there has been no deliberate policy of destruction on the part of the English in Ireland. The recorded and actual economic relations between the two countries dispose of the theory of well-meaning, if stupid, misgovernment.

Mr. Eamonn de Valera, the uncrowned monarch of Sinn Fein Ireland, is far from possessing the talent for harsh political analysis which has made his jail-companion, Mr. Arthur Griffith, one of the most effective journalists in Ireland. By profession a mathematician and by choice a soldier, Mr. de

Valera usually blunders when he proceeds to test the alleged superiority of the pen over the sword. His first appearance on a publisher's list is as the author of Ireland's Case Against Conscription, a brochure embodying the statement prepared by him for the Address presented by the National Conference to President Wilson. That body, representing the various sections of nationalist opinion, united to oppose the application of the Military Service Acts to Ireland by any but an Irish legislature, drew up a more diluted statement than this essentially Sinn Fein manifesto. The pamphlet is a more readable document than the author's friends and enemies alike expected. While it has been read by the faithful as a patriotic matter of course, it has not attracted the attention accorded to a provocative work entitled The Sacred Egoism of Sinn Fein. Published over the pseudonym "Gnathai gan Iarraidh," which being interpreted from the Irish means roughly "unwanted wares," this little book has been ascribed to various hands, including my own! It is a Nietzschean indictment of pseudo-democracy, full of pungent comment at the expense of all belligerent nations, not excepting Ireland, whose right to satisfy the *egoismo sacro* of nationhood is proclaimed with sardonic and cynical humor. The mystery of the authorship, in spite of rumors from those "who know," remains; and the Manchester Guardian is moved to surprise at the discovery that "there is in Dublin an unknown author capable of a piece of writing like The Sacred Egoism of Sinn Fein." That journal declares "if Swift at his best were to come to life again and turn out a pseudonymous pamphlet on the war, he could write nothing more acidly epigrammatic, nothing more full of intense individuality." The booklet bears the imprimatur of the Press Censor, and is presumably exportable. It may be recommended to all exasperated individualists.

Four slender books of verse are so far the season's sole offerings of pure literature, a fact which speaks for the state of the national mind I have described. In a sense, this lack of balance may be said to correspond to the preeminence of war books over others in the larger belligerent countries. Even this poetry reflects the preoccupied mind of the people, for Miss Eva Gore-Booth's Broken Glory and Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan's The Rosses and Other Poems are unlike the work which has heretofore established them with a certain public. Both poets have always shown an aloofness from the thoughts and cares of the market place and have preferred to dwell apart, where imagination is free to follow its own fancies, now wistful, now heroic, now mystic. Mr. O'Sullivan, it is true, has occasionally

tarried in the grimy, swarming streets of decayed Georgian Dublin, and has noted the poetic reality hidden beneath so much squalor. But it is something new in him to find the fierce social and political anger which he has concentrated into the majority of these new poems. The title-poem is characteristic enough of his older manner:

My sorrow that I am not by the little dun
By the lake of the starlings at Rosses under the hill,
And the larks there, singing over the fields of dew,
Or evening there, and the sedges still.
For plain I see now the length of the yellow sand,
And Lissadell far off and its leafy ways,
And the holy mountain whose mighty heart
Gathers into it all the coloured days.
My sorrow that I am not by the little dun
By the lake of the starlings at evening when all is still,
And still in whispering sedges the herons stand,
'Tis there I would nestle at rest till the quivering moon
Uprose in the golden quiet over the hill.

And there are verses in the familiar, beautiful style of Autumnal and An Old Man. Yet it is evident that events have modified the Seumas O'Sullivan of one's old affection. He addresses MacDonagh:

You who had garnered all that old song could give you,
And rarer music in places where the bittern cries,
What new strange symphonies, what new music thrills
you,
Flashing in light-loud magic beneath wildering skies?

Singer of dawn songs, you who drink now at the fountains,
Cry out as your own poet of the bittern cried,
Flood that new song, deep-drunken, rapturous, about us,
So shall these parched sad hearts drink deep, be satisfied.

Much of the specifically Sinn Fein poetry which has circulated publicly and privately since the Easter Week Rising has all the defects of that rhetorical tradition of '48 against which W. B. Yeats revolted, to the advancement of Irish literature. But he himself could not keep the Rebellion of 1916 out of his verse, no more than "A. E." and others innocent of Sinn Fein doctrine. Mr. O'Sullivan and Miss Gore-Booth have been as fortunate as they in being able to respond to the impulse of national events without forgetting the demands of their exigent craftsmanship.

Of the two remaining volumes it may be said that they have "put Belfast on the map," so far as we appraisers of Anglo-Irish literature are concerned! We do not think of Belfast as precisely "a nest of singing birds"—to quote the phrase that launched a hundred poets—and thereby we respect the prejudices of Carsonia itself. Belfast poets do not boast of their dalliance with the Muse, and come almost surreptitiously to Dublin to flaunt their lyrical amours. Mr. Anthony Allen, whose First Songs introduce us to a new poet from the northern city, was astonished to discover that a friend of his had

preceded him pseudonymously on the path to Maunsel's and Parnassus. This was Mr. Richard Rowley, who has added City Songs to his first venture of a year ago, The City of Refuge. The latter contained more substantial promise than Mr. Allen's First Songs, which—in spite of "A. E.'s" sponsorship—remains a very commonplace contribution to minor poetry. Mr. Allen can turn a pretty lyric, and he has a plaintive, ingenuous charm: but one is not conscious of a temperament from which deep poetry springs, as was the case in The Vengeance of Fionn, by Mr. Austin Clarke, the newcomer of last year, of whom I have written in these notes.

City Songs is not a work of Mr. Austin Clarke's caliber. Verbalism and conventional phrases are common to both the Belfast poets, but Mr. Rowley has really succeeded in giving us the poetry of Belfast, a thing we had almost come to believe nonexistent, unless one accepted the tribal fanaticism of Orange battle hymns. But here comes a man who writes of the shipyard workers:

Only strong hands
Can give strength visible form;
Only proud hearts can fashion shape of pride;
Iron and steel are dead
Till man's creative will
Shall weld them to the image he desires,
Shall make a living symbol
Of the strength and pride of his soul.
Splendid the ships they build,
More splendid far
The hearts that dare conceive
Such vastness and such power.

Mr. Rowley frankly accepts his role as the poet of industrial Ireland:

My songs shall be songs of the city, of hoarse-voiced streets,
Of streets where men have never time to dream,
Of streets where women are seldom beautiful,
And never happy. I shall sing to these men and women,
Telling them that they starve, and their children starve,
Because they are robbed of their birthright!
I shall teach them how strong is the soul of determined men,
And that only cowards go hungry and content;
That only slaves will see their children die
And never strike a blow at them that slay!
For a day shall come when the people shall not be afraid
Of riches and of strength, nor of authority.
Then they shall know that kings and senators
Are ghosts and phantoms and imaginings
Dreamed in the mind of man . . .

Lest it be supposed that Mr. Rowley is the poet of Belfast Bolshevism, I may add that he has sung of the streets in a gentler mood, that his dialect pieces are excellent. When he does not mistake rhetorical exuberance for mysticism, as he occasionally does, his verse is informed by a quiet emotion which conveys the beauty of humbler things, except when it flares up in a cry of passionate revolt.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

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THE DIAL

CLARENCE BRITTEN

GEORGE DONLIN

HAROLD STEARNS

In Charge of the Reconstruction Program:

JOHN DEWEY

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

HELEN MAROT

THE HIGH HOPES WHICH THE WORLD HAS ENTER-
tained for a peace settlement that will make future
wars impossible do not seem likely to be realized.
Whatever President Wilson has in his mind about
the prospects for a better world order he did not
condescend to disclose to the American people in
his last message to Congress, which certainly in tone
and very largely in substance was a valedictory to
American problems. Concerning the railroads the
President was frankly uncertain; the problems of re-
construction were left to the beneficent business man.
And of peace not a word, except that the President
was going to Paris to explain and interpret the
famous fourteen points—which Bonar Law once
succinctly described in a phrase: "All that we have
asked for can be procured under the sanction of these
fourteen points." The President practically washed
his hands of American problems. The program for
a larger navy was recommended, since it "would be
clearly unwise for us to attempt to adjust our pro-
gram to a future world policy as yet undetermined."
In other words, although the President frankly
turned to his international problems with more
eagerness and expectancy than he had shown con-
cerning our domestic problems, even here he was
uncertain about the future. Now we do not need
to dwell upon the bitter disappointment which
this speech brought to American liberals, for
the truth is that they have lost confidence in his
ability to carry his formulated position. They have
been disillusioned, until now his speeches seem too
often like empty rhetoric. They have seen in the
President's intellectual development a hardening of
ideological, eighteenth century concepts about the
State instead of any awakening consciousness of the
fertility of the functional theory and the economic
sanctions of plural sovereignty. They have watched
in vain for any sign of his appreciation of even the
commonplaces of present-day Continental liberalism.
They will watch with considerable irony and amuse-
ment the same process of disillusion going on in
Europe among those radical and Socialist groups
which for over a year have been pinning their hopes
to this verbal myth of a great statesman. We have
no wish to be harsh or unfair, and no one more than
THE DIAL can hope for the President the happiest
of issues in his peace mission. We sincerely wish him
well; we sincerely hope that the League of Free
Nations, which he has described with such eloquence,

may come into existence through the force of his
personality and the wisdom of his leadership. Yet
we cannot disguise the bald facts with the same com-
placency with which we may confidently expect the
Creel mission to send the American public saccharine
messages that all is for the best in this best of all
possible worlds. And the bald facts are frankly
disquieting. An accredited correspondent to the
New York Globe, in a message from Geneva,
frankly states that "the action of one of the powers
of the Entente is threatening the possible peace of
Europe," and goes on to state that Italy already is
violating the terms of the armistice with Austria
and engaging in frank imperialism. The liberated
nationalities of Central Europe are quarreling
among themselves. Lloyd George indulges in elec-
tion speeches worthy of any jingo prima donna.
No Allied government, moreover, has yet an-
nounced any definite policy with respect to Russia—
and the intervention troops are still there. Japan
has not yet stated that she intends to return Kiao-
chow to China. Mr. Hume has observed that
England cannot give up the German colonies; and
Mr. Churchill states with considerable emphasis
that under no condition will the supremacy of Brit-
ish sea power be compromised at the peace table. All
this is hardly a pretty spectacle. Neither is it a
pretty spectacle to observe the high-handed way in
which the peace conditions are being drawn up by
premiers and others who have no direct or clear
mandate from the people they are supposed to repre-
sent. Yet it is not only possible, it is probable, that
we shall get a League of Nations. At all events it
will be called that. And the clearest statement of
what this League of Nations will be like is contained
in an interview with Arthur J. Balfour. He said:
"It is folly to suppose that the world can be quickly
turned into a series of free States with free insti-
tutions like the United States. . . . I think that the
league ought to act as trustee of these countries that
have not yet reached the state at which true democ-
racy can be applied. Democracy is not a suit of
clothes that can be put on at any stage of develop-
ment." There we have it in a nutshell. There is to
be a hierarchy of States, with England, ourselves,
France, and Japan, and Italy in control. If that is
what we mean by a League of Nations, let us call it
by its right name, a league of the strong nations to
exploit the weak.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND MELODrama, if we are to believe our blandly cheerful professors, is merely that in tragedy the action proceeds from character, whereas in melodrama puppets are fitted into an action. But have they sufficiently regarded the sort of melodrama that has inherited the vogue of the American crook play? Such pieces as *Friendly Enemies* and *Three Faces East*—to confine ourselves to survivors—fill one with a profound sense of moral discouragement, almost with a sort of terror; and the professors' easy and harmless distinction is quite inadequate to account for the impression of vague discomfort and subtle danger that such plays leave behind them. No, the permanence, and the permanent menace, of melodrama is due to the fact that it is a projection of the moral absolutism of the tribal mind. Here that mind finds its passions and its prejudices symbolized and embodied. Here it enjoys the fierce delight of seeing its own image of itself triumph over all who blur that image. Here, then, from its own point of view justice is done—the sort of justice most abhorrent to the free intelligence. For it is not a justice based upon the inner need of souls engaged in the conflict of life, but a brutal enforcement of the limited and remorseless passions of the tribe and the hour. Does this not suggest a truer difference between tragedy and melodrama? In tragedy everybody is both right and wrong; in melodrama everybody is either right or wrong; there are no perplexities, and moral violence takes the place of moral judgment. If anyone doubt this let him produce on Broadway a melodrama in which a heroic part is assigned to a foreigner, an irreconcilable unhappy married person, an idle rich man, a lord, a sensible parent—or an unheroic attitude and fate to patriotic youths, patient wives, gallant crooks, young sweethearts, the romantically contented poor. If these examples seem trivial, consider the reckless moral bullying, the unashamed ferocity, with which the contemporary melodramatist celebrates his utter oneness with the tribal instincts to which he leads his trivial sacrifices. All these considerations are strengthened rather than weakened by the success of the one serious play that has thus far distinguished the theatrical season—*Redemption*, an English version of Tolstoy's *The Living Corpse*. For when every allowance has been made for the attractiveness of the exquisite stage pictures, of the faithful costumes, and of the beautifully rendered folk-songs of Mr. Hopkins' production for John Barrymore, the changed name of this version still points very clearly how genuine tragedy must be popularized into melodrama for American consumption. Tolstoy's *Fédya* is not a "good" man who becomes "bad" and is then redeemed. Probably the terms of Mr. Barrymore's thinking were not so crude; but certainly he did not quite grasp the intellectual despair that is *Fédya's* doom. Like half of all great literature the play is the cry of pain we utter over the discrepancy between our desires and aspirations and the smallness of our power to stamp

their image upon life. From his essential pain and despair—the drink and the den are but accidents—*Fédya* is not redeemed. Nor do any misdeeds of his demand his death, but the brutal stupidity of social interference with private rights. Even in this popularized version however—and in spite of many bald and mechanical passages in the acting, passages for which the sensitiveness, the poetry, and the distinction of Mr. Barrymore's art scarcely atone—there is in Tolstoy's play the bread and wine of great art. There is no intrigue and no theatrical structure at all, and no vain gestures or conventional lies or pitiful subterfuges. The broken scenes have technically no perceptible rise and fall. We are conscious of reality. And the theater is greatest when it transcends and so eliminates itself, when we exclaim not "What a good show this is!" but "How deep life is!"

AFTER ALL, THE STAPLE OF OUR STAGE IS NEITHER melodrama nor tragedy, but comedy. It is not artificial comedy and it is not critical comedy; it follows the tradition of neither Congreve nor Molière. The former does not grow out of our society; the latter would be considered immoral. The reason why most people laugh a little vacantly when Bernard Shaw is mentioned is that they suspect, quite rightly, that he is a hard and ruthless thinker; and hard thinking strikes them as an impropriety. They will forgive a man's peccadillos if he believes in marriage, his thefts if he proclaims his love for honesty, his private atheism if he attends public worship. Hence high comedy, which is sharp and cool and revealing, seems immodest to them. At a genuinely modern version of *Tartuffe* they would almost feel robbed of some necessary garment and hasten to avoid the winds of a moral weather so bracing but so new. Accordingly the typical (not the best) comedies of the early season are *Penrod* and *Daddies for America*, *Humpty-Dumpty* and the *Saving Grace for England*. The common characteristic of these comedies is that they depict life not as it is but as it seems to a casual and uncritical observer—in short, as it seems to itself. The authors of such pieces merely hold up to human nature mirrors that reflect back what human nature likes to think of itself. Mr. Tarkington not only knows the Middle West: his implication is that it is a perfect and happy place where appearance and reality are one, where virtue and prosperity have lain down together. The boy *Penrod* is set forth not only as true but as admirable; the unlovely and spiritless vegetation of his parents—the woman's futile domestic bustle, the man's pathetic money-grubbing—is exhibited as a slice of sound American life. Mr. Tarkington has reached a level from which he observes the surface of life; the colder heights of thinking about it are not for him. Nor are they for Mr. H. A. Vachel. His *Humpty-Dumpty* is a barber who is suddenly supposed to be an earl, but who is not happy as an earl and returns

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with pathetic delight to his tonsorial art, and whose story satisfies with astonishing nicety the crowd's alternating love and hatred, envy and terror, of wealth and rank. Mr. Haddon Chambers' *The Saving Grace* is even more flagrant, for it takes at his face value the "stupid soldier man" in Shaw's *Getting Married* and uses an historical accident to glorify that shiftless, brainless militarist. In these plays triteness turns paradox and Longfellow's poor old saying that "things are not what they seem" would cause a riot.

A TYPICAL INSTANCE OF NEWS DISTORTION ABOUT Russia was the recent advance notice in our daily papers of a St. Bartholomew's massacre of the entire middle class to take place on November 10. This report was based on a certain modicum of fact, according to reliable information recently received from Moscow. It is true that placards inviting the soldiers and workers and poorer peasants to exercise "mass terror" were posted on the walls of buildings in Petrograd, and that in the notice as it actually appeared the words "St. Bartholomew" did occur. What had happened was that Zinovieff, Commissioner for the Suppression of the Counter-Revolution, who had been working under high pressure for months, had been so attacked and plotted against that in a moment of temporary weakness his nerve snapped. Angry and bitter, he gave orders that the notice should be published. It was a human and understandable phenomenon—anyone who works under constant threat of assassination and against the handicap of constant intrigue and misrepresentation is likely sooner or later to lose his temper. Zinovieff did. But what was the reception accorded this ill-advised notice? Was it eagerly seized upon by the disgruntled populace as an excuse for a general massacre and for general looting? So our newspapers hastened to inform us. But the facts were exactly the opposite. The local Council of Workmen and Soldiers met in extraordinary session and promptly proceeded to depose Zinovieff. Not content with that, they had the offending placards torn from the walls and the buildings. A resolution was offered and carried that on November 10, instead of a reign of "mass murder" being inaugurated, a general political amnesty should be proclaimed, meaning that even the enemies of the Soviet Government should be released. Proclamations announcing this lenient action of the Council were at once printed and distributed throughout the city—yet only one of the New York metropolitan dailies saw fit even to print the news dispatch announcing the true facts—and even in that case, with no explanation of the attendant circumstances. We give this account less because of its intrinsic importance than because it illustrates an aspect of the Russian Revolution with which Americans are wholly unfamiliar. This incident is a typical example of what Russians call

"revolutionary self-discipline," the restraint imposed on themselves by the revolutionists when they may have been led into some intemperate course of action by the hasty order of some leader or faction. It has happened, in varying degrees, not once but many times during the course of the Soviet regime. The suppression, for instance, of the anarchists by the Bolsheviks will be startling information to those naive newspaper readers who imagine that anarchism and Bolshevism are synonymous. Yet the fact is that never during Kerensky's regime did the Government feel strong enough to deal firmly with the supporters of the black flag. It required the revolutionary self-discipline methods of the Soviet Government to do that.

AMERICAN ADVOCATES OF UNIVERSAL MILITARY training have had the wind taken out of their sails by the British Government's new attitude on the subject. Hardly had the armistice been signed when British statesmen began to express their hope for a League of Nations that would make conscription unnecessary. This is going to the very heart of the significance of the approaching peace. The principle of conscription—which its admirers like to call euphemistically universal military training or, better, service—is the very core and foundation of militarism. Without it militaristic nationalism would be impossible. If a government can no longer count on turning its maximum man-power into a military machine, it will be compelled to find other techniques than force to secure its political ends in the world society. A war to end militarism must have been primarily a war to end conscription. In bringing this point so speedily and so dramatically to the forefront, British policy has stolen a march not only on the Allied premiers but even on President Wilson himself. There are signs that this utterance was no mere impulse of separate ministers, but that the Government has considered the question and decided against compulsory military training as a permanent policy. Some months ago H. A. L. Fisher, Minister of Education, told a delegation from the Miners' Federation that the Government had decided that the innovation had neither educational nor military value and would not be adopted. President Wilson's fourth "Point" asks for "adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." This is a somewhat academic way perhaps of saying what Fisher and Churchill have said with commendable bluntness. The American Executive has not been explicit enough to prevent the discussion here of compulsory training as a feasible if not an imminent measure. It is to be hoped that some word will be uttered in America also that will destroy the vitality of any such discussion during the coming reconstruction of peace time.

Communications

TRUE INFORMATION FROM RUSSIA IS NEEDED

SIR: What is happening now in Russia? Are the reported horrors of Russia's everyday life under the Soviet's rule reality or lies—lies deliberately fabricated in order to discredit the Soviets now in power—or are they the unconscious exaggeration dictated by panic and hatred?

If there is the basis of truth in the reports we receive from Russia, to what extent are the horrors occurring there due to the Government of the Soviets and to what extent are they the mere result of the conditions created by the old regime and the war—conditions inherited by the new regime?

The questions above put are of peculiar interest for Americans, who by the will of history are designated to play the most important role in the reconstruction of Europe. Of all belligerent countries America alone possesses the food supplies which can keep Europe alive until the next harvest.

In relation to Russia the Associated Governments are facing the dilemma whether to continue their military occupation of that country, or to substitute for military intervention economic assistance.

At first it was insisted that military intervention was prompted by the necessity of fighting the Germans occupying Russian soil, and creating an Eastern front. No matter whether any such motive had from the beginning a real foundation, now it has lost every meaning. The war over, military intervention in Russia can be considered only as an interference in the internal affairs of the Russian Commonwealth and a violation of the principle of self-determination of nations.

It is true that mankind has never been ruled by abstract principles. If all that is being reported of the Soviets' rule is true—if an organized brutality has secured the support of the bulk of Russia—then neither the Soviets' Government nor the Russian nation itself has the right to endanger the world longer.

At present, without discrimination, every detrimental rumor about the Soviets' rule in Russia is being spread over the world, multiplied in editorials and special articles, and accepted at face value without investigation. One day we are told that the Soviets are planning a Bartholomew-tide in Petrograd; a few days later the report is canceled and we are told that not only are the Soviets not planning slaughter but are releasing political prisoners. Not very long ago we had the opportunity of reading in a New York newspaper a detailed description of the execution of Breshko-Breshkovskaya in Petrograd, and forty-eight hours later the same paper announced that she was on her way to America.

Nolens-volens. One remembers Figaro's famous saying: "Calomniez, Calomniez; il en reste toujours quelque chose."

Very vitally it is necessary that the fine line of distinction be drawn between fact and falsehood or rumor as to what is happening in Russia. It is necessary, too, to discriminate between two categories of lies. There are lies that are being deliberately fabricated purporting to discredit the new regime in Russia. Such lies were fabricated even under Kerensky's regime. To the Monarchists and Counter-Revolutionists the Kerensky government was hated as much as the Soviets'.

Almost more patent are unconscious lies, exaggerations dictated by panic and hatred. In October 1917 I spent several weeks in Japan on my way to the United States. I met there a company of Russian Monarchists who had "escaped" from Russia. Passionately and with all the semblance of sincerity, they related "eyewitness" accounts of the terrors of Kerensky's rule which made decent men's blood boil. But I had lived through Kerensky's rule, and I knew from absolute fact that all they said was false. So I was not surprised when the day after Kerensky's fall the same group began to praise Kerensky as the "real defender of Russia's liberties."

Nevertheless, behind the black spreading of rumor there was and is a basis of fact. Revolutions are not pleasant. They are cruel and desperate. Revolutions themselves do not grow out of pleasant conditions. They are bred by cruelty and desperation. It must be emphasized that to the Revolution in Russia has been attributed phenomena which were but indirectly connected with it, phenomena which not the Revolution but the economic debacle of Russia brought about, phenomena which were not the result of the Revolution but its very cause.

Hunger in the cities was brought about not by the Revolution but by the shortage of products and the disorganization of railroad traffic through the war. Revolution or no revolution, both shortage and traffic disorganization were bound to continue and to become more, not less, acute. It is true that the Revolution emphasized these events with especial effect on privileged classes. For a well-to-do family in Russia, accustomed to many servants, the mere fact of doing without any servants at all was already a tragedy. For a Russian who had always traveled cleanly and comfortably in first-class coaches in the days of the Czar, it was a bitter and calamitous misfortune to come down to the smells and unwashed companionship of a third-class car full of smoke. Elementary comforts easily become a part of us. While we have them we are not aware of them; losing them we even remember Czars with affection. In countries of material culture, elementary comforts are common property. In Russia,

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where the masses were always hungry and during the war half starving, elementary comforts were the exclusive privilege of the more or less well-to-do and educated.

Yet the greatest part of these comforts would shortly have been torn from the privileged Russian also, even though the Revolution had not occurred, through the rapid disintegration of the entire Russian economic organism. The former privileged Russian is frightened, and fear has big eyes. How fear exaggerates dangers may be seen from the following incident. On October 10, 1917, nearly a month before the Bolshevik revolution, I left Petrograd in an excellent Siberian express. We were twenty in a first-class sleeping car. At the Vologda station a number of soldiers demanded admittance to our car. They were on a ten days' furlough. One of them had lost a leg in a battle. Facing our resistance, the soldiers agreed to withdraw provided we permitted their comrade who had lost a leg to ride with us. There was opposition even to this. Especially enraged against what he called the "impudence" of the soldiers, was a merchant of middle age who was traveling with his wife. "Just think of it!" he said to the soldiers, "I paid one thousand rubles for two tickets!" The soldiers replied: "Our comrade lost a leg." We took in the wounded soldier. The merchant, incidentally a good-natured fellow, could not rest however. Constantly he repeated: "Just think of it! I paid one thousand rubles!"

At the station at Omsk there was a train full of soldiers. They demanded that their train leave first. After some dispute and delay we started first. Nothing else occurred on the journey and we reached Vladivostok a day late. Instead of ten days the trip had taken eleven. But you should have heard the horrors some of our passengers related of our journey. One became so excited that he quite sincerely said we escaped narrowly with our lives.

To me, a constant dweller in Petrograd, who spent there all the time from the beginning of the Revolution till October 10, 1917, it was highly interesting to hear in Vladivostok, and after in Japan, how men who spent in Petrograd only two or three weeks under Kerensky's regime saw "with their own eyes" all the horrors of Petrograd life of which they spoke. They said one with a white collar could not walk without taking chances; one could not go out in decent shoes and a decent suit of clothes without taking chances of being attacked and robbed. Such things never happened in Petrograd. My friends and I myself through the Revolution still wore white collars, decent shoes and clothes, mingled with the people on the street continuously; nothing dire or even unpleasant ever happened to us. There can be no doubt that under the succeeding Soviet regime life became much

harder in Russia, especially for the bourgeoisie. Great Russia, cut off from Ukraine and Siberia, was deprived of food supplies. The disintegration of the economic organism of the land, begun in the Czar's day, is going on from bad to worse. With or without a Bolshevik revolution the conditions of life would inevitably become harder. The demobilization of an army of ten millions could not take place smoothly under any regime. Even before the Revolution one dwelt with a spirit of anxiety and fear on what awaited Russia at the demobilization of ten million soldiers—ten million exhausted, smarting men who had looked Death in the face. Without doubt under the Soviets the social leveling tendencies were accelerated and intensified, which with the lack of food made life for the former privileged classes almost unbearable. Without doubt there were and are being committed cruelties by the Soviets. But these cruelties are matched in no less degree by those of their enemies. There is no more horrible war than civil war. Every revolution calls out a more or less lasting civil war between the adherents of the new regime and the real or sometimes imaginary defenders of the old order, and also between the extreme and the moderate elements of the revolution. The profounder the character of a revolution, the profounder the social problems it calls forth and the more terrible the sacrifices which are demanded. A revolution is the more cruel, the more is the state of despair to which the people have been brought before the revolution. Every revolution ought to be considered as a national calamity. It is not the guilt of the people, hampered on the path of progress by the old order and brought by it to the brink of an abyss, which has effected the calamity. Let us remember Burke's famous saying: "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people."

The most important condition to understand Russia of today is to get true information and true facts.

GEORGE J. KWASHA.

New York City.

[EDITORS' NOTE: Mr. Kwasha was formerly a representative of the Fuel Administration of the Russian Government, under Kerensky.]

TRADE UNION PHILOLOGY

SIR: The undersigned is interested in a study of the Shingle Weavers' International Union and would be glad if any reader of THE DIAL would throw any light on the following questions: Why should a maker of shingles be called a weaver instead of a worker or cutter? What is the origin of the name?

GEORGE M. JANES.

University of North Dakota, Grand Forks.

Foreign Comment

ORIGINAL DECREES OF THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT

The following decree on the land was almost the first official act of the Soviet Government on coming into power, after the coup d'etat of November 7, 1917 (our style). Together with the decree on peace it strengthened the political position of the Bolshevik Party. Lenin, its author, apologized for the haste with which the decree was brought out, but the main features of the decree were embodied in the final laws of the Soviet Government, as approved by the All-Russian Congress of Soviets at Moscow:

DECREE ON THE LAND

Of the Congress of Soviets of Workmen and Soldiers' Delegates (passed at the meeting of October 26, 2 a.m. [Russian style]).

- (1) All private ownership of land is abolished immediately without any indemnification.
- (2) All landowners' estates, likewise all the lands of the Crown, monasteries, Church lands, with all their live stock and inventoried property, homestead constructions and all appurtenances, pass over into the disposition of the Volost Land Committees and District Soviets of Peasants' Delegates until the Constituent Assembly meets.
- (3) Any damage whatever done to the confiscated property belonging from now on to the whole people is regarded as a grievous crime, punishable by the Revolutionary Court of Justice. The District Soviets of Peasant Delegates shall take all necessary measures for the observance of the strictest order during the confiscation of the landowners' estates, for the determination of the dimensions of the plots of land and which of them are subject to confiscation, for the drawing up of an inventory of the whole confiscated property, and for the strictest Revolutionary Guard of all the farming property on the land with all the constructions, implements, cattle, supplies of products, etc., passing over to the people.
- (4) For guidance during the realization of the great land reforms until their final resolution by the Constituent Assembly shall serve the following peasant Nakaz (Instruction) drawn up on the basis of 242 local peasant nakazes by the editor's office of the *Izvestia* of the All-Russia Soviet of Peasant Delegates and published in No. 88 of said *Izvestia* (Petrograd, No. 88, August 19, 1917 [Russian style]).

The question re the land may be decided only by the general Constituent Assembly.

The most equitable solution of the land question should be as follows:

- (1) The right of private ownership of the land is abolished forever; the land cannot be sold, nor leased, nor mortgaged, nor alienated in any other way. All the lands of the State, the Crown, the Cabinet, the monasteries, Churches, possession lands, entailed estates, private lands, public and peasant lands, etc., shall be alienated without any indemnification; they become the property of the people and the usufructory property of all those who cultivate them (who work them).

For those who will suffer from this revolution of property the right is recognized only to receive public assistance during the time necessary for them to adapt themselves to the new conditions of existence.

- (2) All the underground depths—the ore, naphtha, coal, salt, etc.—and also the forests and waters, having a general importance, shall pass over into the exclusive use of the States. All the minor rivers, lakes, forests, etc., shall be the usufruct of communities, provided they be under the management of the local organizations of self-government.

- (3) The plots of land with highest culture—gardens, plantations, nursery gardens, seed-plots, greenhouses, etc.—shall not be divided, but they shall be transformed into model farms and handed over as the exclusive usufruct of the State or communities, in dependence on their dimensions or importance.

Homestead lands, town and country lands with private gardens and kitchen gardens, remain as usufruct of their present owners. The dimensions of such lands and the rate or taxes to be paid for their use shall be established by the laws.

- (4) Studs, governmental and private cattle-breeding and bird-breeding enterprises, etc., become the property of the people and pass over either for the exclusive use of the State, or a community, depending on their dimensions and their importance.

All questions of redeeming same shall be submitted to the examination of the Constituent Assembly.

- (5) All the agricultural inventoried property of the confiscated lands, the live and dead stock, pass over into the exclusive use of the State or a community, depending on their dimensions and importance, without any indemnification.

The confiscation of property shall not concern peasants who have a small amount of land.

- (6) The right to use the land shall belong to all the citizens (without distinction of sex) of the Russian State, who wish to work the land themselves, with the help of their families, or in partnerships, and only so long as they are capable of working it themselves. No hired labor is allowed.

In the event of a temporary incapacity of a member of a village community during the course of two years, the community shall be bound to render him assistance during this period of time by cultivating his land.

Agriculturists who in consequence of old age or sickness shall have lost the possibility of cultivating their land shall lose the right to use it, and they shall receive instead a pension from the State.

- (7) The use of the land shall be distributive, i. e., the land shall be distributed among the laborers, in dependence on the local conditions—at the labor or consumption rate.

The way in which the land is to be used may be freely selected: as homestead, or farm, or by communities, or associations, as will be decided in the separate villages and settlements.

- (8) All the land, upon its alienation, is entered in the general popular land fund. The local and central self-governing organizations, beginning from the democratically organized village and town communities and ending with the Central Province institutions, shall see to the distribution of the land among the persons desirous of working it.

The land fund is subject to periodical redistributions depending on the increase of the population and the development of the productivity and cultivation.

Through all changes of the limits of the allotments the original kernel of the allotment must remain intact.

The land of any members leaving the community returns to the land fund, and the preferential right to receive the allotments of retiring members belongs to their nearest relations or the persons indicated by them.

The value of the manuring and improvements invested in the land, in so far as the same will not have

been used up when the allotment will be returned to the land fund, must be reimbursed.

If in some place the land fund will prove to be insufficient for the satisfaction of the local population, the surplus of the population must emigrate.

The organization of the emigration, also the costs thereof and of providing the emigrants with the necessary stock, shall be borne by the State.

The emigration is carried out in the following order: first the peasants without land who express their wish to emigrate; then the deprived members of communities, deserters, etc.; and lastly by drawing lots on agreement.

All of what is contained in this Nakaz, being the expression of the will of the greatest majority of conscious peasants of the whole of Russia, is pronounced to be a temporary law, which till the Constituent Assembly is to be put into execution as far as possible immediately and in some parts of it gradually as will be determined by the District Soviets of Peasant Delegates.

The lands of peasants and Cossacks serving in the ranks shall not be confiscated.

CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF
PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIES. VLADI-
MIR OULIANOFF-Lenin.

October 26, 1917. [Russian style]

DECREE ON WORKERS' CONTROL

Decree of the Council of People's Commissaires establishing organs for Workers' Control of Industries.

- (1) In order to put the economic life of the country on an orderly basis, control by the workers is instituted over all industrial, commercial, and agricultural undertakings and societies; and those connected with banking and transport, as well as over productive cooperative societies which employ labor or put out work to be done at home or in connection with the production, purchase, and sale of commodities and of raw materials, and with conservation of such commodities as well as regards the financial aspect of such undertakings.
- (2) Control is exercised by all the workers of a given enterprise through the medium of their elected organs, such as factories and works committees, councils of workmen's delegates, etc., such organs equally comprising representatives of the employees and of the technical staff.
- (3) In each important industrial town, province, or district, is set up a local workmen's organ of control, which, being the organ of the soldiers', workmen's and peasants' council, will comprise the representatives of the labor unions, workmen's committees, and of any other factories, as well as of workmen's cooperative societies.
- (4) Until such time as workmen's organs of control hold a congress, the All-Russian Workmen's Council of Control is to be set up in Petrograd, on which will sit representatives of the following organizations: five delegates of the E. C. (executive committee) of the Council (Soviet) of Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates of Russia; five delegates of the E. C. of the Peasants' Council of Russia; five delegates of the Labor Unions of Russia; two delegates of the Central Committee of the Workingmen's Cooperative Societies of Russia; five delegates of the Factory and Works Committee of Russia; five delegates of the Engineers' and Technical Agents' Union of Russia; two delegates of the Agrarian Union of Russia; one delegate from each Workmen's Union in Russia having not less than 100,000 members, two delegates from any union having a membership

of over 100,000, two delegates from the E. C. of the Labor Unions.

- (5) Side by side with the Workmen's Supreme Council of the Labor Unions, committees of inspection comprising technical specialists, accountants, etc. These committees, both on their own initiative or at the request of local workmen's organs of control, proceed to a given locality to study the financial and technical side of any enterprise.
 - (6) The Workmen's Organs of Control have the right to supervise production, to fix a minimum wage in any undertaking, and to take steps to fix the prices at which manufactured articles are to be sold.
 - (7) The Workmen's Organs of Control have the right to control all correspondence passing in connection with the business of an undertaking being held responsible before a court of justice for diverting their correspondence. Commercial secrets are abolished. The owners are called upon to produce to the Workmen's Organs of Control all books and moneys in hand, both relating to the current year and to any previous transactions.
 - (8) The decisions of the Workmen's Organs of Control are binding upon the owners of undertakings, and cannot be nullified save by the decision of a Workmen's Superior Organ of Control.
 - (9) Three days are given to the owners, or the administrators of a business, to appeal to a Workmen's Superior Court of Control against the decisions filed by any of the lower organs of Workmen's Control.
 - (10) In all undertakings, the owners and the representatives of workmen and of employees delegated to exercise control on behalf of the workmen, are responsible to the Government for the maintenance of strict order and discipline, and for the conservation of property (goods). Those guilty of misappropriating materials and products, of not keeping books properly, and of similar offences, are liable to prosecution.
 - (11) Workmen's District Councils of Control settle all disputes and conflicts between the lower Organs of Control, as well as all complaints made by the owners of undertakings, taking into consideration any peculiar conditions under which production is carried on, and local conditions. They will issue instructions within the limits prescribed by the All-Russian Workmen's Council of Control and supervise the activities of the lower organs of control.
 - (12) The All-Russian Workmen's Council of Control shall work out a general plan for control to be exercised by the workmen, and to issue instructions and regulations, and to systematize the reports of the various Workmen's Councils of Control; and constitute the supreme authority for dealing with all matters connected with the control exercised by workmen.
 - (13) The All-Russian Workmen's Council of Control coordinates the activities of the Workmen's Organs of Control and of those institutions which direct the organization of the economic life of the country.
- A regulation concerning the relations between the All-Russian Workmen's Council of Control and the other institutions which organize and put in order the economic life of the country will be issued later.
- (14) All laws and circulars which impede the proper working of the factory, works, and other committees, and that of workmen's and employees' councils, are abrogated.

In forthcoming articles THE DIAL will show the detailed application of "workers' control," as it has actually been applied in Russia under the Soviet Government. These articles will be written by an authority on Russian affairs and will be based on original material never before published.

Notes on New Books

THE CRACK IN THE BELL. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. Doubleday, Page; \$1.40.

Politics is not adjourned in this novel—at least not the brand which is muddy and municipal. Corruption is piled upon corruption, until it takes a deal of blasting to bring the reform motif to the surface. And sometimes this blasting process doesn't entirely carry conviction; the story has been so weighted down with major and minor rottenness that one has difficulty in swallowing the phenomenal reform flourish which brings it to a close. That of course is the chief danger in this field of fiction—the difficulty of maintaining an even keel. The author has not been content to keep his canvas in modest proportions; he has gone in for sweeping effects beyond the scope of a somewhat journalistic and superficial mode of attack. It takes a fictioneer of rather more poise than Mr. Macfarlane to pilot his way with artistic precision in the midst of such a story. But Mr. Macfarlane is desperately in earnest, and his zeal has lent a certain forcefulness to the narrative. On the other hand, he has not always been able to drop the reform motif out of scenes in which it is sadly misapplied. When the young reformer is struck down by an assassin's knife, and is hovering between life and death, it is rather bathetic to find his fiancée kneeling at his side to exclaim: "Jerry! Are you alive? You must be! You must live, Jerry. For me! For Philadelphia!" Surely this was no time for mock municipalities. Similarly, on the day when Jerry awakens to the corruption of Philadelphia, he approaches an old Jewish peddler whose husband has just been mistreated by the police. "My good woman," he says, "you appear to be in distress." Some of the best scenes in the novel suffer from this recurring stiffness. To put the defect in a word, Mr. Macfarlane's dialogue lacks an infusion of imagination.

KARMA. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boni and Liveright; \$1.25.

JAPANESE FAIRY TALES. By Lafcadio Hearn and Others. Boni and Liveright; \$1.25.

The garnering of stray bits from the indefatigable Hearn still continues, the latest sheaves appearing in two volumes of an attractive new issue of books known as the Penguin Series. The Karma volume contains four diverse pieces of writing, and the Japanese Fairy Tales contains four Hearn versions, along with nearly a score of others from such authors as Grace James and Basil Hall Chamberlain. The Penguin Series—most pleasingly printed and bound—is to be devoted to books never before issued in America, and includes Henry James' Gabrielle de Bergerac and Sudermann's Iolanthe's Wedding among its first numbers.

The pieces in Karma have little in common save

authorship. Karma itself is typically Hearn—a sensitive, flowing, idealistic bit, with a sustained analytic note. There is, however, disappointment at the end, where Hearn has sagged into sentimentalism. China and the Western World is a venture at interpretation and prophecy, to be read with interest in the light of what has transpired since it was written, while A Ghost and Bilal reveal other phases of the restless, delving Hearn mind. In the Japanese Fairy Tales, it will be seen that the children of the Orient have treasures to match Grimm in naivete and wonder. These stories are quite as irrational as they are ingratiating.

MOTIVES IN ENGLISH FICTION. By Robert Naylor Whiteford. Putnam; \$2.

It is not feasible to write a "history of English fiction" at the expense of the English language. The critic need not be a stylist, but he deserves to be thrust into outer darkness if he cannot set his thoughts on paper with some degree of lucidity. In putting up Professor Whiteford as a candidate for outer darkness, therefore, it will hardly be necessary to submit more than two specimens from his text.

Joseph comes next who is invulnerable to any attacks made upon his catechism which he has thoroughly mastered.

The only redeeming feature in the analysis of the disagreeable in Swift's fiction is that this coarseness of sardonic, diabolical humor in portraying the pathos of human life is the strength of the shaft of Fielding's or Smollett's satirical spear, when it pricks the side of the reader to provoke hilarious, unhallowed laughter that dies away in tears, which flow because of the realization of the meanness, badness and madness of the rogue called man; and this strange mingling of humor and pathos in satirical caricature, characterization, and dialogue, Swift largely inherited as a legacy from Daniel Defoe.

When Prof. Whiteford starts a sentence, he grows panicky with the fear that if he comes to a full stop he may never have the courage to go on. Hence, a style which is superbly incoherent and quite beyond mental gulping. As for the content of the volume, it is on a par with the execution. Bowing to the author's prefatory admission that "this book shows the motives that color the threads in the warp and woof of all our fiction," we still cannot stifle the conviction that the garment is cut on a most peculiar pattern. The author seems to have a mania for "connecting links," "leading motives," and "variations." Thus Jane Austen is harnessed between Fielding and Meredith, while Marryat is chained between Smollett and Kingsley. Professor Whiteford lets Conrad off with two lines so that Letitia Landon (circa 1830) may have four pages; he brackets Hall Caine and Thomas Hardy as of even merit; he lingers over Mrs. Humphry Ward and dismisses Arnold Bennett with a gesture; he has two references to the author of *The Way of All Flesh* and thirty-four to Mrs. Ann Radcliffe. As for George Meredith, you can scarcely find him

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without the aid of the index. And within the limits of two successive paragraphs we are assured that *The Vicar of Wakefield* is: (1) a "dramatic bit of fiction"; (2) "almost an accident of Goldsmith's genius"; (3) "perhaps the greatest farce and at the same time the greatest melodramatic, tragi-comedy novel that we possess"; (4) a "histrionic, idyllic novel"; (5) "Goldsmith's tour de force." For the enlightenment of the curious, it may be stated that Professor Whiteford teaches English literature in the University of Toledo—Ohio.

SOCIAL PROCESS. By Charles H. Cooley. Scribner; \$2.

This is a rather colorless and vigorless book, tepid in its argument and timid in its antipathies. Nearly all present-day aspects of the social problem—national and international—are passed in calm review, and there is never a page that burns the fingers, nor a paragraph so keenly pointed as to scratch any political skin. The chapters on nationality in relation to a league of nations are instructive: the national state, it is argued, must remain the backbone of our social structure, and yet may fit into an international order in the same sense and measure in which matured individuality fits into the national state. Indeed the problem may turn out to be as much one of preserving national freedom as of limiting national sovereignty. A league that becomes a conspiracy for the maintenance of vested interests and established social stratifications, by armed intervention if necessary, would be as great an evil, surely, as unlimited national sovereignty—it would be a strait-jacket put upon a growing world, and war would merely change its name into revolution. The League of Nations, says Professor Cooley, "must also provide a process of orderly change by which the world may assimilate new conditions and avoid fresh disaster." "Our discipline will fail unless we can get good will to support it." Precisely; and it is a point on which one could wish that Professor Cooley had spared a little more energy of conviction and utterance.

THE DELPHIC ORACLE: Its Early History, Influence, and Fall. By T. Dempsey. Longmans, Green; \$2.

The Irish have always had a penchant for the lore of the ancients, and Mr. Dempsey has captured much the same spirit of geniality, lucidity, and sympathy as his compatriot Professor Mahaffy. He is so immersed in his topic that he can speak of the works of German savants with urbanity and can mention the forays of the Gauls without alluding to the Hun. In a quiet conversational style, he shows how the statesmen of a day when there was no Colonel House used the seeress of Apollo to frame policies. The general reader will glean an interesting insight into Greek psychology; the

scholarly will perhaps find that Mr. Dempsey confines his research rather too closely to the orbis terrarum of strictly classical antiquity. His account of the forerunners of Apollo is very thorough, but has no allusion to the modern studies of Pelasgic origins. He has some acquaintance with the Minoan theories of the Cretan excavator, but is as silent as the Oracle about the Hittites and other peoples of nearer Asia, whose influence on the Hellenic world is being uncovered by the recent archeologists. Nor has he pushed his lines far enough into modern times to develop the analogies Ferrero would have developed with Madame Thebes or Eusapia Palladino. Mr. Dempsey does not try very hard to rend the veil of the Temple, but he hazards the suggestion that "telepathy" and other "phenomena" studied by contemporary "research" may explain the Sacred Mysteries. One trusts that time will reveal whether this is not another explaining of superstition by recourse to later superstition.

THE FABRIC OF DREAMS. By Katherine Taylor Craig. Dutton; \$2.

Miss Craig's book may be heartily recommended both to those who believe in dreams and to those who don't. The history of the belief in dreams through the ages is a fascinating record of human curiosity. Even if we do not share the belief, there still is nothing like the curiosity of others to stimulate our own. Nor are there many problems which have equally stimulated human ingenuity, from Artemidorus to Freud. Has not Professor Woodworth wrathfully asserted that a theory as ingenious as Freud's could not possibly be true, as if scientists are in duty bound to make only dull discoveries? But Freud has done more than irritate Professor Woodworth. His publications have certainly created a boom in dream theories, with the popular, the pseudo-scientific, and the contra-scientific in close competition with each other. There is a touch of irony in the thought that Freud himself should to some extent be responsible for the revival of popular dream theories. He has often remarked that it was partly the persistent popular belief in dreams which helped him to doubt the dogmatic assertion of psychologists that all dreams are nonsense; he subsequently came to the conclusion that the intuition of the masses as to the psychic value and importance of the dream was justified even though the popular method of interpretation was utterly fantastic. The soothsayers and the almanacs were far too chronic in misinterpretation to hesitate before these remarks of Freud; they hastened to make the most of the advertisement which had been thrown their way.

Miss Craig cannot altogether be classed among these. Her book is the result of a great deal of patience and research and a valiant attempt to present the material impartially for others to judge. But she nevertheless represents the naive attitude

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towards dreams in the deeper sense and seems to carry a heavy mystical insurance against the beguilements of the scientific method. That is why her book is sure to fill many wants. It contains among other things a fairly competent discussion of the latest scientific theories concerning the dream, a dip into the ancient art of geomancy, a discussion of dreams that have come true but not of those which have not come true, and a synopsis of the dream almanacs. Its emphasis upon fixed symbols in the interpretation of dreams ought especially to recommend it to those prolific disciples of Jung under whose leadership the difficult psychoanalytic technique of Freud has been abandoned in favor of the so-called objective method of dream interpretation, which does not call upon the dreamer to sweat out his associations to the dream but interprets it for him by expounding the meaning of the fixed symbols which his dream may contain. This method is a little hard on those who have real afflictions but very absorbing for those who have no serious need of psychoanalysis. It is mystical and fascinating to know that there is something to your dream without knowing just what it is.

THE COURSE OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY. By W. J. McGlothlin. Macmillan; \$2.

The author of this significant volume, by recognizing the trend in the modern study of history away from its emphasis on politics and wars to its social and moral bases, points out that to the general student of history Christianity will necessarily become more and more a subject of sympathetic study. To this end he sketches in cursory outline the course of Christian history from its inception to its present diffusions and tendencies in various corners of the world. Within the extreme limitations of his allotment of pages he does a good piece of work. It is refreshing to note that "Ancient, Medieval, and Modern" disappear as divisional units, and that in their place nine periods are marked off as embracing the whole scope of Christian history. One regrets however that the author did not see fit to discuss some of the social and psychological interactions that had peculiar religious developments in given situations, as for instance his failure even to mention the mystics.

THE RESPONSIBLE STATE. By Franklin H. Giddings. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.

"These lectures," says the author's preface, "make in print a small book; nevertheless it is a product of long reflection checked up by a varied experience." Beginning with a brief sketch of the origins of the state—a sketch in which there is considerable minimizing and rationalizing of the martial phases of these origins—the book plunges in *medias* Kaiser, and passes into international polemic. There is a severe arraignment of German "efficiency," collec-

tivism, and military regimentation, followed by a severe arraignment of American inefficiency, individualism, and lack of military regimentation. The necessity and beneficence of universal service are stressed, and the danger of its being used for the intimidation of minorities (or majorities) and the making of menial minds is confidently denied. There is no consideration of the expressed purpose of President Wilson to establish such an international concert as may bring partial disarmament and the end of large military establishments. The President's delay in entering the war is sarcastically criticised, and the credit for his final decision is assigned to a small group of intellectuals, at whose mention the author swells with a sense of *quorum pars magna fui*. The book, in short, is thoroughly Theodorian, and carries with it very little of the liberalism that was once associated with Professor Giddings' name.

THE SAD YEARS. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). Doran; \$1.25.

SONGS TO A. H. R. By Cale Young Rice. Century; \$1.

TWENTY. By Stella Benson. Macmillan; 80 cts.

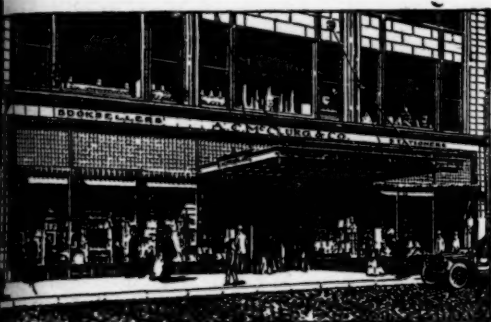
It may be that we are a bit too prone to drop the mantle of immortality about the shoulders of the poet whose pen is stayed in the midst of war. The critical eye tends to be distracted by the shadow of tragedy falling across the page of those "collected works" which sometimes follow so precipitately—particularly if the poet has met death in the service of his country. There is a quite understandable ardor about the first evaluations, which may need to be qualified later on—just as certain estimates of Rupert Brooke have been altered since the initial burst of praise. Circumstances have lent something of a martyr touch, likewise, to the death of Dora Sigerson—a touch which is emphatically insisted upon in the two prefaces to *The Sad Years*. Mrs. Shorter was absorbed in the cause of Ireland, and her labors in behalf of the rebellion of Easter week "consumed her like a flame into which she flung all her gifts." Now, whether this literally may be read into the record or not, it doubtless gives a certain poignancy to the present collection of verse—all written since the beginning of the war. The book takes its title from the first poem, a war-weary exhortation of compact power and feeling. There are several other war poems of similar trend. Viewing the volume as a whole, however, one cannot dodge the conviction that much of its contents is not poetry. Mrs. Shorter has not always sought the springs of lyric utterance, even where lyric utterance is indispensable. The rhythm often moves with a halting harshness, hampered by faults of phrasing which dull the emotional edge and betray her into flatness. With her inspiration thus

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APPENDIX: Selections from Lincoln's works, including all of his notable addresses, state papers, letters, etc.

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Cloth; 342 pp.; \$1.50 net.

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running upon the shoals of inadequate verse, it is inevitable that she should not infrequently fail to establish a tone. This is the defect of such poems as *The Hours of Illness*, *The Palace Gate*, and *I Saw Children Playing*.

This absence of felicity, which subtracts from the esthetic content of *The Sad Years*, is not encountered in the slight sheaf of lyrics by Cale Young Rice. These songs to A. H. R.—unpretentious though they are—possess an undeniable singing sincerity. Mr. Rice does not shy at the old, familiar mountings—the sea, the moon, a bird's song—but he has surrounded them with the freshness of a not inconsiderable lyric gift. His poetic mood is sustained in the key of a fine, fresh faith, and he has embodied it in verse of a finished texture.

As for the numerically named volume from the pen of Stella Benson, one is tempted to steal one of her own striking phrases and present it at her head: she "seems to draw her soul's elastic very fine." Not to pursue the metaphor too far, it does appear that these poems have too much "give" in them. There is a certain aptness, but little flavor. In one of her verses the author labels herself "militant civilian," but not even her occasional lapses into feminism evoke the spark.

ELIZABETH'S CAMPAIGN. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Dodd, Mead; \$1.50.

Under the stress of imminent danger the non-essential elements of life drop away and those individuals who would preserve them at the expense of the larger safety are regarded by the rest of the world as outside the pale of reasonable consideration. Several well-known English writers have recently put forth novels dealing with the social, political, and artistic life of London before the war, showing how since the outbreak of war many tendencies which were superficial or morbid have disappeared while those which were robust and fundamental have survived and developed. In *Elizabeth's Campaign* Mrs. Ward shows a similar change taking place in another section of English society—the land-owning class. That class is no longer exempt from governmental control; local committees have been formed to examine the resources of each estate with power to enforce their development; bad farming or unused land is no longer tolerated, and every foot of ground is now made to contribute its utmost to the support of the country. This has been brought about by Dora, who is the true heroine of this story, although the ostensible heroine is the patriotic and incredibly perfect Elizabeth, who by tact and moral suasion induces Squire Mannering, whose selfish conservatism approaches pacifism, to comply with the government regulations. Among the characters in the tale are several that are often considered typically British: there is the heavy, overbearing father, the timid daughter, the somewhat supercilious young

officer. Do such types still exist in actual life? If so we hope that they will not survive the war, either in actuality or in serious fiction. As it is, they give this book its slightly archaic flavor. Food conservation and land utilization, though vitally important as means of national defense, are perhaps somewhat uninspiring subjects for a novel, and that may be the reason why this story makes so little appeal, and compares so unfavorably in plot and handling with much of Mrs. Ward's previous work. What we are given however is a very vivid impression of the terrible tension in England last April while the nation was awaiting the German offensive—an impression that would be almost unbearable if we were not so sensible at the present moment of the negative results of that same offensive.

HOW MOTION PICTURES ARE MADE. By Homer Croy. Harper; \$4.

If Mr. Croy is a prophet, the teaching profession is walking wide-eyed into oblivion. Its sole salvation, if we interpret Mr. Croy's crystal correctly, is to learn the operation of a projection machine, retire within the fireproof fastnesses of an asbestos booth, and reel off the necessary instruction from that quiet retreat. The prospect is appalling. We are to have fewer textbooks, fewer teachers, less apparatus, shorter courses.

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We imagine that the author wrote his prophecy in haste, and is now repenting at leisure. Still he would have turned out a better book if he had kept his feet on the ground. The only "familiarity with Shakespeare" which is ever likely to come to us through the films will be "undue familiarity," and as for putting "the whole of the American Revolution" in seven reels, even a camera would wink at that assignment.

Mr. Croy traces the evolution of motion pictures in an entertaining manner, recalls some of the amusing makeshifts of its early days, and gives a good account of the workings of the modern studio. There are chapters on color pictures, animated cartoons, trick pictures, and undersea photography. He tells you a lot of things which you have longed to know. The book is profusely illustrated and weighs a fraction of a ton. But apparently Mr. Croy's subject did not inspire him above the level of slovenly English.

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Books of the Fortnight

The following list comprises THE DIAL's selection of books recommended among the publications received during the last two weeks:

- The Higher Learning in America: A Memorandum on the Conduct of Universities by Business Men.* By Thorstein Veblen. 12mo, 198 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.60.
- America in France.* By Frederick Palmer. 12mo, 479 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75.
- The Sacred Bettle and Others.* By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 12mo, 425 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60.
- The Life of David Belasco.* By William Winter. Illustrated, 8vo, 1093 pages. 2 vols. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$11.
- Leo Tolstoy.* By Aylmer Maude. Illustrated, 12mo, 330 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.
- Swinburne and Landor: A Study of Their Relationship and Its Effect on Swinburne's Moral and Poetic Development.* By W. Brooks Drayton Henderson. 8vo, 304 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3.
- The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel.* By Charles De Coster. Translated by Geoffrey Whitworth. Illustrated, 8vo, 303 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50.
- Dr. Adrian.* A novel. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 12mo, 321 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Iolanthe's Wedding.* Tales. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Adele Seltzer. 12mo, 159 pages. Penguin Series. Boni & Liveright. \$1.25.
- We Others.* Tales. By Henri Barbusse. Translated by Fitzwater Wray. 12mo, 274 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Karma.* Tales. By Lafcadio Hearn. 12mo, 163 pages. Penguin Series. Boni & Liveright. \$1.25.
- Japanese Fairy Tales.* By Lafcadio Hearn and Others. 12mo, 160 pages. Boni & Liveright. \$1.25.
- The Betrothal: A Sequel to the Blue Bird.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. 12mo, 222 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Echoes of the War.* Four Plays. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Charnel Rose and Other Poems.* By Conrad Aiken. 12mo, 156 pages. Four Seas Co. \$1.25.
- The Ghetto and Other Poems.* By Lola Ridge. 12mo, 99 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25.
- Minna and Myself.* Verse. By Maxwell Bodenheim. 8vo, 91 pages. Pagan Publishing Co. \$1.25.
- Chamber Music.* Verse. By James Joyce. 12mo, 36 pages. Authorized edition. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.

Christmas Books for Children

The following list comprises THE DIAL's selection among the season's books for children. They are roughly arranged in the order of the ages to which they should appeal:

- Mother's Nursery Tales.* Told and Illustrated by Katherine Pyle. Color plates, 8vo, 376 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.
- Uncle Remus Returns.* By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated, 12mo, 175 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35.
- Bugs and Wings and Other Things.* By Annie W. Franchot. Color plates and drawings by Jessie Willcox Smith and Harrison Cady. 8vo, 99 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Waterboys and Their Cousins.* By Charles Dickens Lewis. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. 12mo, 172 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. 75 cts.
- Jane Joseph and John: Their Book of Verses.* By Ralph Bergengren. Illustrated in color by Maurice E. Day. 4to, 62 pages. Atlantic Monthly Press.
- A Ride on a Rocking-Horse.* By Rachel A. Marshall. Illustrated in color by the author. 8vo, 63 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Book of Elves and Fairies.* By Frances Jenkins Olcott. Color plates by Milo Winter. 12mo, 430 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.
- Dream Boats, and Other Stories.* By Dugald Stewart Walker. Drawings and color plates by the author. 8vo, 219 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
- The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said.* By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. 12mo, 177 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Little Brother and Little Sister.* By the Brothers Grimm. Illustrated in color by Arthur Rackham. 8vo, 251 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. Boxed, \$3.50.
- Dutch Fairy Tales.* By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 220 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.25.
- English Fairy Tales.* Retold by Flora Annis Steel. Color plates by Arthur Rackham. 8vo, 363 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
- The Spanish Fairy Book.* By Gertrudis Segovia. Translated by Elisabeth Vernon Quinn. Color plates by George Hood. 12mo, 321 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
- Fairy Tales of Weir.* By Anna McClure Sholl. Illustrated, 8vo, 172 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
- Canadian Wonder Tales.* By Cyrus Macmillan. Color plates by George Sheringham. 4to, 199 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.
- Japanese Fairy Tales.* By Lafcadio Hearn and Others. 12mo, 160 pages. Boni & Liveright. \$1.25.
- Fairy Tales and Poems in Prose.* By Oscar Wilde. The Modern Library. 12mo, 214 pages. Boni & Liveright. Croft leather, 70 cts.
- A Little Boy Lost.* By W. H. Hudson. Illustrated, 8vo, 215 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.
- The Sadman's Forest.* By Louis Dodge. Illustrated in color by Paul Bransom. 12mo, 292 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.
- Over Indian and Animal Trails.* By Jean H. Thompson. Illustrated in color by Paul Bransom. 8vo, 263 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.
- The Trail Book.* By Mary Austin. Illustrated in color by Milo Winter. 12mo, 305 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.
- In the Days of the Guild.* By L. Lamprey. Color plates by Florence Gardiner. Drawings by Mabel Hatt. 8vo, 291 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
- The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel.* By Charles De Coster. Translated by Geoffrey Whitworth. 20 woodcuts by Albert Delstanche. 8vo, 303 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50.
- The Blue Bird: A Play.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated from the film. 8vo, 210 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.
- The Betrothal: A Sequel to The Blue Bird.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 12mo, 222 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- The Mysterious Island.* By Jules Verne. Illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. 8vo, 493 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
- Twin Travelers in South America.* By Mary H. Wade. Photographs, 8vo, 288 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.
- The Seventh Continent: A History of the Discovery and Explorations of Antarctica.* By Helen S. Wright. Illustrated, 12mo, 387 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$2.50.
- Pathfinders of the West.* By A. C. Laut. Illustrated, 12mo, 350 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.25.
- The Boy with the U. S. Naturalists.* By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Photographs, 12mo, 356 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. \$1.35.
- Our Humble Helpers.* By Jean Henri Fabre. Illustrated, 12mo, 374 pages. Century Co. \$2.



Mother

I USED to be a little bit ashamed of the way I felt about Mother. I loved her, of course—loved her with all the love that could be crowded into a boy's heart—but I hated to show it. Only girls and babies, I thought, showed affection. It wasn't "manly" for a boy to be petted—especially if there was some one around to see.

I used to go to Mother when I had cut my finger or had some childish grief or woe and she would bind up the wound in my finger and my heart and drive away all the pain and sorrow in some strange, mysterious way that only mothers know about.

Then she'd put her arm around me and smooth my hair—but I'd pull away and swagger out, whistling loudly, and play with my dog.

But at nights when I'd gone tired to bed I'd think about Mother.

And always she appeared in a sort of soft light with a smile of understanding. To myself, I called her "The Greatest Mother in the World."

* * *

The other day I saw a Red Cross Poster—a white

clad nurse with a wounded soldier in her arms; they called it "The Greatest Mother in the World."

It brought a jealous little tug to my heart when I saw it. I resented the use of that title for a Red Cross Poster. It was my name for Mother.

I closed my eyes for a moment and a vision of Mother came to me. The same soft light and tender smile. And when I looked up at the poster again I understood.

I felt that the Red Cross had the right to use that title, "The Greatest Mother in the World."

For I realized that the spirit of my Mother—and yours—was behind that big organization—binding up cut fingers for little boys who have grown up and aren't really little boys any longer.

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Current News

Woodrow Wilson: An Interpretation, by A. Maurice Low, is announced for immediate publication by Little, Brown and Co.

The publication of Mary Hasting Bradley's novel, *The Wine of Astonishment* (Appleton), has been deferred until the first of the year.

Witter Bynner has collected and edited the poems of Richard Mansfield, 2d, who recently died in camp at San Antonio. The volume is published by Moffat, Yard and Co. under the title *Courage!*

B. W. Huebsch has published the authorized American edition of James Joyce's volume of lyrics, *Chamber Music*, which was reviewed in *THE DIAL* of September 19.

A novel by Eleanor Gates, which was announced for early autumn issue under the tentative title *The Girl We Love*, is to be published in February by George Sully and Co. as *Phoebe*.

Social and Religious Life of Italians in America, by Enrico C. Sartorio, with a dedicatory note to Bishop Lawrence and a preface by Dean Caspar W. Hodge, has just come from the press of the Christopher Publishing House (Boston).

Beyond Life, a volume of essays by James Branch Cabell, is soon to be published by Robert M. McBride. A definitive essay by Wilson Follett treating the work of Mr. Cabell appeared in *THE DIAL* for April 25.

The Department of Labor has just issued *Reconstruction: A Preliminary Bibliography*, compiled by Laura A. Thompson. It comprises fifty-seven mimeograph pages and catalogues 415 titles in the Department's Library. A more comprehensive bibliography is now being prepared.

The Shadow of the Cathedral, by Blasco Ibáñez, which was imported by E. P. Dutton and Co. from England two years ago, is now to be published by them in an American edition. An estimate of the author, by Isaac Goldberg, appeared in *THE DIAL* for November 16.

The November issue of *Poetry* announced the following prize awards for this year: the Helen Haire Levinson Prize of \$200 to John Curtis Underwood; the prize of \$100, offered by an anonymous guarantor, to Ajan Syrian; and a special prize of \$50, offered by another guarantor to a young poet of promise, to Emanuel Carnevali.

In Joseph Pennell's *Liberty Loan Poster* (Lippincott; \$1)—which carries the sub-title *A Text-book for Artists and Amateurs, Governments and Teachers and Printers*—the artist has described, with the aid of illustrations in color, every step in the production of his poster for the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign. For all our wide employment of posters, we Americans know amazingly little about their proper technique. Those who have to do with posters professionally should profit by this "text-

book." And the layman will find it most illuminating.

William Aspenwall Bradley's *Dutch Landscape Etchers of the Seventeenth Century*, covering the work of all of the more important etchers of the period, Rembrandt excepted, and illustrated by reproductions of prints and drawings drawn for the most part from the collections of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is to be issued soon by the Yale University Press.

Anthologists whose collections attain popularity have opportunities to correct their sins of omission. The third edition, revised and enlarged, of Burton E. Stevenson's *Home Book of Verse* (Holt; \$10) is so much "enlarged" that its four thousand pages are more likely to be turned for convenient reference than for comfortable browsing. The browser however will find in it nearly all of those elusive poems that his favorite anthologies inevitably and unaccountably omit, even to pieces so recent as Ralph Hodgson's *Eve*.

Acting upon Swinburne's intention, frequently expressed toward the end of his life, to collect in one volume his poems about children and childhood, Edmund Gosse has compiled, and Arthur Rackham has illustrated with color plates and black and white decorations, *The Springtide of Life: Poems of Childhood*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne (Lippincott; \$3). The anthology includes thirty-five poems, drawn chiefly from the second and third series of *Ballads and Poems*, from *Tristram of Lyonesse*, and from the *Century of Roundels*. Mr. Rackham's fancy is here gayer and more tender, if perhaps less ingenious, than is its wont. The result is the best gift book of the season.

Contributors

THE DIAL is able to vouch for the responsibility of "S. M.," who has just returned from Russia, where he had exceptional opportunities for observation and for verification of his observations.

Albert Rhys Williams, an American lecturer and publicist, has also recently returned from Russia. There he assisted the Foreign Office of the Soviets in propaganda directed against the German Imperial Government. He is the author of *In the Claws of the German Eagle* (Dutton, 1917).

Mary Vida Clark, for several years Assistant Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association (New York) and now Executive Secretary of the Women's Prison Association, has been an occasional contributor to the magazines and during the past year has had articles in *The Unpopular Review* and *The Nation*.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

THE DIAL announces the resignation of Mr. Scofield Thayer as Associate Editor.

THE BIOLOGY OF WAR

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